

Wit and Drollery, FOVIALL POEMS:

Corrected and much amended, with
ADDITIONS,

By Sir *F. M. Fa. S.* Sir *W. D. F. D.* and the
most refined Wits of the Age.

Us Nectar Ingenium.



L O N D O N,

Printed for Nath. Brook, at the Angel in
Cornhil, 1661.

WILLIAM GIBBON,
JOURNAL OF POEMS:

College and University Society
ADDITION,
BY WILLIAM GIBBON,
Morgan Library and Museum, New York.

BY WILLIAM GIBBON,



PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR
BY JAMES COOK, NEW YORK.
1781.

Courtesans Reader,

Present thee with Wit and
Drollery, truly calculated
for the Meridian of
mirth; the once exaked
Scene is at this present level'd; other
Poems have come forth in such
thronges, that our English world is
satiated with them; especially as they
have been lately stuffed with reiterated
Hyperboles, or else other mind
pitiful whining passions of Love;
such as ingenuous persons, cannot
have the patience continually to be
afflicted with. Reader, to give thee
a broad-side of plain dealing, this Wit
I present thee with, is such as can on

by his fashion, invented purposely
to keep off the violent assaults of
Melancholly, assisted by the addi-
tional Engines, and Weapons of Sack
and good company. As for those
grearer sort of people, who are con-
tent to stow old Bens, with his
Beard down to his Girdle, I wish
them a good digestion of their stu-
dies; while Poems are not for their
gust; they are but Heaven higher; as jo-
vial as clear, and as lusty, as those that
wring shams such verbal harmony,
being as pleasing to the fancies, as the
most delightful Aires of Musick are
to the ear. Nor to be tedious, or to
deceive the Reader with a belief of
what is not, these Poems reprinted,
with additions are collected from the
best Wits, of what above 20 years

lines, were begun to be preferred for
think and friends; the fear of ha-
ving some of them imperfectly set
forth, having thought it unwillingly,
made them to common. What hath not
been extract of Sir J. M. of J. S. of Sic
W. D. of J. D. and other miraculous
Muses of the Times, are here at thy
Service, and as Webster at the end of
his Play call'd the White Devil, writes
scribes, that the actions of Perkins
crown'd the whole Play; so when
thou viewest the Title, and readest
the sign of Ben Johnson's head, on the
back-side of the Exchange, and the
Angel in Cornhill, where they are sold,
inquire who could better furnish
the with such sparkling copies of Wit
than those that have bin so long cour-
ted for them; there are two or three
copies

copies crept in among the rest, as the ordinary sort of people crowd in at the audience of an Embassador, which may at thy discretion be permitted to stay, or be put out; though they are good, yet not so indured, as they are old. I have no more to acquaint thee with, but that good Drollery is not so loose, or of so late an invention, but that the most serious Wits have thought themselves honoured to own them.

Bidding thee farewell.

E. M.

WIT AND
DROLLERY
OR
JOVIAL POEMS

The Preface to that most elaborate piece of Poetry,
Entituled Penelope Ullifles.

R

Bid

Bid for them shilling six, but I bid seven,
A summe that is accounted odd, not even :
The Cryer thereat seemed to be willing, (sing.
Quoth he ther's no man better then seven shil-
He though it was a resonate price,
So struck upon the Table, once twice, thrice.
My pen in one hand my pen-knife in the other,
My Ink was good, my paper was none other.
So sat me down, being with sadness moved,
To sing this new Song, sung of old by *Ovid*.
But wold you think, as I was thus preparing
All in a readiness, here and there staring
To find my implements, that the untoward Else,
My Muse shall steal away, and hide her self ?
Just so it was, faith, neither worse nor better,
Away she run er'e I had writ a Letter.
I after her apace, and beat the bushes, (rushes.
Rank Grafs, Firs, Ferne, and the tall banks of
At last I found my Muse, and wot you what,
I put her up, for lo she was at squat.
Thou flat quoth I, hadst thou not run away,
I had made veries all this live-long day. (hier,
But in good sooth, or'e much I durst not chide
Lest she should run away again and hide her.
But when my heat was or'e, I speak thus to her
Why didst thou play the wag ? I'm very sure
I have commended thee above ould *Chancer* ;
And in a Tavern once I had a Sawcer
Of Whit-wine Vinegar, dash't in my face,
For saying thou deservest a better grace,

Thou

Thou knowst that then I took a Sawfedge up,
Upon the knaves face it gave such a clap,
That he repented him that he had spoken
Against thy fame, he struck by the same token.
I often have sung thy Meeters, and sometimes,
I laugh to set on others at thy rimes.
When that my Muse considered had this geare,
She sigh'd so sore, it greiv'd my heart to hear,
She said she had don ill, and was not blameless,
And *Polyhymnie* (one that shall be nameless,
Was present when she spoke it) and before her,
My Muses lamentation was the soarer.

And then to shew she was not quite unkinde,
She sounded out these Prong lines of her minde.

The Inovation of Vlysses and Penelope.

O All ye (1) Cliptick Spirits of the Sphæres
That have or (2) sense to hear or (3) use of
eares,
And you in number (4) twelve Cælestiall Signes
That Poets have made use of in their lines,
And by which men do know what seasons good
To gueld their Bore-piggs,, and let Horses blood
Lift to my doleful tone; O (5) list I say,
Unto the complaint of *Penelope*. (flood.)

(1.) The harder the word is, the easier it is to be under-

(2.) (3) In varying the use of the senses, the Author shews himself to be in his wits.

(4) There the Author shewes himself to be well versed in the Almanack.

(5) Being twice repeated, it argues an elegant fancy in the Poet.

She was a lover, I, and so was hee
 As loving unto her, and he to (6) she :
 But mark how things were alter'd in a moment
Hyllysses was a Græcian born, I so ment
 To have inform'd you first, but since 'tis or'e,
 It is as (7) well, as had it been before :
 He being as I said a Greek there rose
 A Quarrel 'twixt the Trojans and their (8)
 foes,
 I mean the Græcians, whereof he was (9)
 one,
 But let that pass, he was *Laertes* Son.
 Yet least some of the difference be ignorant,
 It was about a (1) Wench, you may hear more
 (2) on't
 In Virgils *Æneids*, and in *Homer* too ;
 How *Paris* lov'd her, and no more adoe
 But goes and steales her from her Husband:
 wherfore
 The Græcians took their tooles, and fighted
 therefore.

(6) To make falfe English, argues as much knowledge
 as to make true latin.

(7.) Better once done then never.

(8.) For sometimes there may happen a quarrel among
 freinds.

(9.) Till he was married, he could be but one.

(1.) There is no mischiefe, but a woman is at one end
 of it.

(2.) The more you hear on't, the worse you'll like it.

And

And that you may perceive they were stout

(3) Signiors,

The Combat lasted for the space of ten (4)
years.

This Gallant bideing where full many a Mo-
ther

Is oft bereav'd of Child,Sister of Brother,

His Lady greatly longing for his presence

(5) Writ him a Letter , whereof this the
Sence.

" My pretty Duck, my pigsnie my Ulysses,

" Thy poor Penelope sends a (6) thousand Kisses

" As to her only Ioy a kearty greeting ,

" Wishing thy company, but not thy meeting

" With enemies, and fiery spirits in Armour,

" And which perchance may do thy body harme-or

" May take thee Prisoner, and clapon thee bolts.

" And locks upon thy legges, such as weare Colts.

" But send me word, and er'e that thou want Ran-
some

" Being a man so comely, and so handsome,

" It'e sell my Smock both from my back and
(7) belly

(3) There was a Spanish regiment amongst them.

(4) That may be done in an hour , which we may re-
pent all our life after.

(5) Being up to the Elbows in trouble , she expessed it
in this line.

(6) Even Reckoning makes long freinds.

(7) As a pudding ha's two ends, so smock ha's two sides.

" E're you want mony , meat , or Cloathes , I tell yee .

When that Ulysses , all in greif enveloped .
Had markt how right this Letter was Peneloped .

Laid one hand on his heart , and said 'twas
guilty ,

Resting the other on his Dagger-hilt ,
Thus gan to speak : O thou that dost con-
troule

All beauties else , thou hath so bang'd my soul
With thy lamentation , that I swear ,
I love thee strangely , without wit or fear ;
I could have wish'd (quoth he ,) my self the
Paper

Ink , Standish , Sandbox , or the burning Ta-
per ,

That were the Instruments of this thy wri-
ting

Or else the stool whereon thou sat'st inditing :
And so might have bin neer that lovely breech
That never yet was troubled with the (S) Itch .

And with the thoughtz of that , his Sorrow
doubled

His heart withwo , was so Cuff'd and Cornub-
led ,

(8.) As love doth commonly break out into an Itch ,
yet with her it did not so

That

That he approv'd one of his Ladyes Verses,^{and}
 (The which my Author in his book rehear-
 ses)

'Tis true quoth he, (9) Loves troubles make me
 tamer,-

Res est Solliciti plena timoris Amor. Ovid.
 This said, he blam'd himself, and chid his folly
 For being so ore-rul'd with melancholly,
 He call'd himself, Fool, Coxecombe, Asie, and

Fop,
 And many a scury name he reckon'd up.
 But to himself, this language was too rough,
 For certainly the man had wit enough :
 For he resolves to leave his Trojan foes,
 And go to see his love in his best Cloaths.
 But marke how he was cross'd in his intent,
 His friends suspected him incontinent :
 And some of them suppos'd he was in love,
 Because his eyes all in his head did move,
 Or more or less then used, I know not which
 But I am sure they did not move so mich
 As they were wont to do: and then twas blasted,
Ulysses was in love and whilst that lasted

(9) There the Author translates out of Ovid, as Ben Jonson do's in *Sejanus* out of Homer

No other newes within the Camp was spoke of,
 And many did suppose the match was broke off.
 But he conceal'd himself, nor was or 'e hasty
 To shift his Cloathes, though now grown some-
 what nasty.

But having wash'd his hands in Pewter Bason,
 Determinis for to get a Girkle or a Son,
 On fair *Penelope*, for he look'd trimmer
 Then yong *Leander* when he learn'd his (1)
 Primer,
 To Grace he wends apace, for all his hope
 Was only now to to see fair *Penelope* :
 She kemb'd her head, and wash'd her face in
 Creame
 And pinch'd her cheeks to make the (2) red
 blood stream
 She don'd new Cloaths ; and sent the old ones
 packing
 And had her shoes rub'd over with Lamp (3)
 blacking,
 Her new rebato, and a falling band,
 And Rings with several posies on her hand.

(1.) By this you may perceive, that primers were first
 Printed at Abidos.

(2.) For distinction sake, because many mens noses
 bleed white blood.

(3.) Black is the beauty of the shoe.

A stomacher upon her breast so bare,
 For Strips and Gorgets was not then the weare.
 She thus adorn'd to meet her youthful Lover
 Heard by a Post-boy, he was new come over:
 She then prepares a banquet very neat
 (4) Yet there was not bit of Butchers meat
 But Pyes, and Capons, Rabbits, Larkes and Fruites

Orim

Orion an a Dolphin , with his (5) Harp
And in the midst of all these dishes stood
A platter of Pease-porridge, wondrous good ,
And next to that the God of Love was plac'd,
His Image being made of Rye-past,
To make that good which the old Proverb
speaks

[The one the Heart, tother the belly breaks.]

Ulysses seeing himself a welcome Guest
Resolves to have some Fidlers at the Feast :
And 'mongst the various consort chooising
them.

That in their sleeves the armes of Agamem-
Non, in the next verse, wore : Cry'din a rage
Sing me some Song made in the Iron Age.

(4) Because a Cow, was amongst the ancient Græcians
called a Neat, Gesner in his Etymolog. lib. 103. Tom.
16.
(5.) Better falsify the Rime then the Story,&c.

The Iron-Age, quoth he that used to sing ?
This to my minde the Black-Smith's Song doth
bring
The Black-Smiths , quoth Ulysses ? and there
holloweth ,
Whoope ! is there such a Song ? Let's ha't.
It followeth ,

The



The Black-Smith.

*As it was sung before Ulysses and
Penelope at their Feast, when he returned
from their Trojan Wars, collected out of
Homer, Virgill and Ovid, by some
of the Modern Family of the
Fancies.*

O F all the trades that ever I see,
There's none with the Blacksmith compar'd
may be,
With so many several tooles works hee
which Nobody can deny,
The first that ever thunderbolt made,
Was a Cyclops of the Blacksmiths trade,
As in a learned author is said,
which Nobody can deny
When thundringly we lay about
The fire like lightening flasheth out ;
Which suddainly with water wee d'out.
which Nobody can deny
The fayrest Goddess in the Skies ,
To marry with Vulcan did devise
Which was a Black-smith grave and wise
which Nobody can deny.
Mulciber to do her all right

Did build her a town by day and by night,
Which afterwards he Hammersmith hight
Which no body can deny.

And that no Enemy might wrong her
He gave her Fort, she need no stronger,
Then is the Lane of Ironmonger,
Which no body can deny.

Vulcan farther did acquaint her
That a pretty Estate he would appoint her,
And leave her Seacoale-lane for a joynter.
Which nobody can deny.

Smithfeild he did free from dirt,
And he had sure great reason for't } *Turnemill
It stood very neare to *Venus court } Street.
Which nobody can deny.

But after in good time and tide,
It was to the Black Smiths rectified,
And given'm by Edmond Ironside,
Which nobody can deny.

At last * he made a Net, or traine, *Vulcan.
In which the God of warge was t'ane,
Which ever since was call'd Pauls-chaine
Which nobody can deny.

The common Proverb, as it is read,
That we should hit the nayle o'the head:
Without the Black Smith cannot be said,
Which nobody can deny.

There is another must not be forgot
Which falls unto the Black Smiths lot
That we should strike while the I'rons hott,
Which nobody can deny. A

A third lies in the Black Smith's way
When things are late as old-wives say,
They hav' em under lock and key,

Which nobody can deny.

Another Proverb makes me laugh
Because the Smith can challenge but half;
When things are as plain as a Pike staffe,

Which nobody can deny.

But'tother half to him does belong ;
And therefore do the Smith no wrong,
When one is held to it hard, buckle and thong,

Which nobody can deny.

Then there is a whole one proper and fit
And the Blacksmith's Justice is seen in it,
When you give a man Rostmeat and beat him with Spitt,

Which nobody can deny.

Another Proverb does seldom faile,
When you meet with naughty beere or ale,
You cry it is as dead as a dore nayle,

Which nobody can deny.

If you stick to one when fortunes wheele
Doth make him many losses feele
We say such a friend is as true as Steele.

Which nobody can deny.

Ther's one that's in the Blacksmith's books,
And from him alone for remedy looks.
And that is he that is off o'th hooks.

Which nobody can deny.

Ther's ner' a slut, if filth over-smutch her
But owes to the Blacksmith for her leatcher :

For

For without a payr of tongues no man will touch her.
Which nobody can deny.

There is a Law in merry England
In which the Smith has some command
When any one is burnt in the hand;

Which nobody can deny.

Banbury ale a half-yard-pott,
The Devil a Tinker dares stand to't;
If once the tost be hizzing-hot.

Which nobody can deny.

If any Taylor has the itch,
Your Blacksmith's water, as black as pitch,
Will make his fingers go thorow-stich.

Which nobody can deny.

A Sullen-woman needs no leech,
Your Blacksmiths Bellowes restores her speech
And will fetch her again with wind in her breech.

Which nobody can deny.

Your snuffling Puritans do surmise,
That without the Blacksmiths mysteries,
St. Peter had never gotten his Keyes,

Which nobody can deny.

And further more there are of those
That without the Blacksmiths help do suppose
St. Dunstan had never tane the Divel by the
nose.
Which nobody can deny.

And though they are so rigid and nice
And rayle against Drabs, and drink and dice
Yet they do allow the BlackSmiths vice

Which nobody can deny.

Now

Now when so many Hæresies fly about,
And every sect grows more in doubt
The Black Smith he is a hamering it out,

which nobody can deny

Though Serjants at law grow richer far,
And with long pleading a good cause can mar
Yet your Black Smiths take more pains at the

Barr,

which nobody can deny

And though he has no commander's look
Nor can brag of those he hath slain and took,
Yet he is as good as ever strooke,

which nobody can deny

For though he does lay on many a blow

It ruines neither friend nor foe ;

Would our plundring-souldiers had done so,

which every one can deny

Though Bankrupts lye lurking in their holes
And laugh at their Creditors, and catchpoles,
Yet your Smith can fetch 'em over the coales.

which nobody can deny

Our lawes do punish severely still,

Such as counterfit, deed, bond, or bill,

But your Smith may freely forge what he will,

which nobody can deny

To be a Jockey is thought a fine feat ,

As to traine up a horse, and prescribe him his

meat

Yet your Smith knowes best to give a heat.

which nobody can deny

The Roring-Boy who every one quailes
And swaggers, & drinks, and sweares and tailes,
Could yet never make the Smith eat his nailes.

Which nobody can deny.

When if to know him men did desire,
They would not scorn him but ranck him higher
Or what he gets is out of the fire.

Which nobody can deny.

Though Ulysses himself has gon many miles
And in the warre has all the craft & the wiles,
Yet your Smith can sooner double his files.

Which nobody can deny.

Ay st thou so, quoth Ulysses, and then he did call
For wine to drinke to the Black-Smiths all,
And he vowed it should go round as a Ball

Which no body should deny.

And cause he had such pleasure t'ane,
At this honest fidlers merry straine,
He gave him the Horse-Shoe in Drury-lane

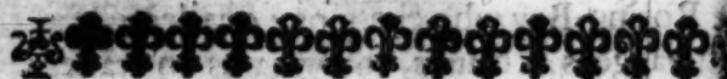
Which nobody can deny.

Where his posterity ever since
Are ready with wine, both Spanish and French,
Or those that can bring in another Clench

Which nobody can deny.

The Song being done they drank the heath,
They rose
They wo'd in verse, and went to bed in prose.

Loyalty



Loyalty confin'd.

Beat on proud Billowes, *Boreas Blow,*
Swell curled Waves, high as *Jove's* rooff,
Your incivility doth shew,
That innocence is tempest proof. (calme)

Though surely *Nerens* frown, my thoughts are
 Then strike affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a Goale,
 A private Closet is to me,
 Whilst a good Conscience is my Baile,
 And innocence my Liberty :

Locks Barres and solitude together met,
 Make me no Prisoner but an Anchorit.

I whil'st I wish'd to be retir'd
 Into this private room, was turn'd,
 As if their wisdomes had conspit'd ,
 The Salamander should be burn'd.

Or like those sophies who would drown a Fish
 So I'me condemn'd to suffer what I wish.

The Cynick hugs his poverty ,
 The Pelican her wildernes,
 And 'tis the Indians pride to be
 Naked on frozen Caucasus.

Con-

Contentment cannot smart, Stoicks we see
Make torments easie to their Apathy.

These Menacles upon my Arm,
as my Miftris's favours weare ;
And for to keep my Ankles warme,
have some Iron Shackles there.

These walls are but my Garrison ; this Cell
Which men call Goal, doth prove my Cittadel.

So he that strook at *Jasons* life ,
Thinking he had his purpose sure :
By a malitious friendly knife ,
Did only wound him to a cure.

Malice I see wants wit, for what is meant,
Mischief oft-times proves favour by th'event.

I'm in this Cabinet lockt up,
Like some hig-prized *Margaret*,
Or like some great Mogul or Pope ,
Are cloystered up from publick sight.
Retirement is a piece of Majesty ,
And thus proud *Sultan*, I'me as great as thee.

There sin for want of food must starve ,
Where tempting objects are not seen ;
And these strong Walls do only serve ,
To keep Vice out, and keep me in.

Malice of late's grownne charitable sure ,
I'me not Committed, but I'm kept secure.

When once my Prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth Treason seem;
And for to smooth so rough a Path,
I can learn Patience from him.

Now not to suffer shews no Loyal heart,
When Kings want ease, Subjects must learn

Have you not seen the Nightingale,
A Pilgrim koopt into a Cage,
How doth she chant her wonted tale,
In that her narrow hermitage.

Even then her charming melody doth prove
That all her boughs are trees, her Cage a gro

My soul is free as the ambient aire,
Although my baser part's immur'd,
Whilst Loyal thoughts do still repair,
'T accompany my Solitude.

And though immur'd, yet I can chirp and sing,
Disgrace to Rebels is glory to my King.

What though I cannot see my King,
Neither in his Person or his Coyne,
Yet contemplation is a thing,
That renders what I have not mine.

My King from me, what Adamant can part,
Whom I weare engraven on my heart,

I am that Bird whom they combine,
Thus to deprive of Liberty;

But though they do my Corps confine,
Yet maugre hate, my soul is free.
Although Rebellion do my body bind,
My King can only captivate my mind.

*A SONG.*

The Pangs of Love growes sore growes sore
And so mine one Lady told me,
I loved a bonny lass well,
Well and she hath forsaken me.

I loved her well and delicate well,
I told her my mind as I might,
She bid me love where I would
Hay hay and went away out of my sight.

I thought my Love had been as true to me ,
As the grass that grows on the ground ,
But now she proved the contrary,
She is as good lost as found.

I thought my Love had been a Virgin pure,
Whento her my Love I betook ,
She went with child by a Gentleman
And married a greasy Cook,

But I doe beshrow her Cheekeſ and her chin
 And ſo do I beshrow her face.
 Her cherry red Lipps with a hay hay
 And her flattering Tongue within.

And I doe beshrew her goodly gray eyes
 So do I her apparel and pride
 For now my land's gon with a hay hay,
 My love ſhe looks all a one ſide.

And if I live another year
 As God may give me grace
 I'le buy her a glaſs of decitfull water
 To wash her diſlembling face.



A SONG in praise of noble Liquor.

Come hither zealous brothers,
 And leave your diſputation :
 I will recount where is a fount,
 That leads to mitigation :
 The vertue of which Liquor,
 Being taken with repleation,
 Will clear your eyes and make you wise,
 And fill you with discretion
 And it is call old Sack old Sack.

Tis

UM

This Phisick good and Diet,
To cure the man call'd Puritan
And make him sleep in quiet.

No frantick strange opinion
Doth from this Fountain bubble
Nor Puritan that Scripture scan
The Church and State to trouble
From Renish White and Claret
This runs of generation
Which fills the Realme with fikhy fleame
Of strife and alteration
Then let them drink old Sack old Sack.

He is wiser then the fathers
No counfel can command him
He burnes with zeale the common weale
No Cannon can withstand him
His privie quese informes him.
All other men do wonder
Fill him with drink and then I think
He will recant the flaunder
And let it be old Sack old Sack &c.

Tis Surples more affrights him
That smells of superstition
Then twenty Smocks or nether Stocks
So tender his submission
Besides his holy Sister
He loves no female Creature

But when he is drunk , he will kiss a punke
 And tender his good nature
 And then let him drink old Sack old Sack.

His head no reason enters
 Nor he to be reclaimed
 His braines doth crack for want of Sack
 And thus his wits are maimed ;
 The only way to cure him
 If Sack will not collect him
 Must be the grate of Bishoppes gate
 Where mad Tom will expect him
 There let him drink old Sack old Sack.



To the tune of Pip my Cock.

A Las poor silly *Barnaby* how men do thee mo-
 left,
 In City Town and Countrey, they never let thee
 rest :
 For let a man be merry , at Even or at Morne,
 They will say that he is *Barnaby* , and laugh him
 for to scorn ;
 And call him drunken *Barnaby* when *Barnaby* is
 gone
 But can they not tend their drinking and let *Barnaby* alone.

You

LIMI

You City Dames so dainty that are so neat and fine

That every day drinks plenty of Spice and Claret wine,

But you must have it burnt with sugar passing sweet

They will not suffer *Barnaby* to walke a long the street,

But call him drunken *Barnaby* when *Barnaby* is gone,

Cannot you tend your Gossiping and let *Barnaby* alone.

You Clerks and Lawyers costly, that are so fine & nice

When you do meet so costly, with a cup of Ale and spice,

You will take your Chamber, before you do begin

Although you steale him privatly you count it is no sin,

Though *Barnaby* stands open, in sight of every one

What cannot you tend your drinking ,and let *Barnaby* alone,

But I have seen some Hostis , that have taken a pott,

When her head runns giddy , she'll call for a double shott,

Although she gets her living by such kind of gests
Shall mock, scoffe and deride me, as deeply as the rest,

But call me drunken Barnaby when all my mon^t will
n^t ney is gon

But cannot you look to their mault man and le^t wi^t
Barnaby alone.

A SONG.

The Blazing Star is soon barn'd out
The Diamond light abide
The one in glory shines about,
The other yields light beside.
That spark if any should be mine
That else hath been unknown,
But if to every he she shine
I'le rather lye alone.

The Glow-worme in the dark gives light
And to the view of many,
The Moon she shews her self by night,
And yields her light to any.
But if my Love should seem to be
To every one so known,
Shee never more shall shine to me,
I'le rather lie alone.

I'le not consume nor pine nor grieve,
As other Lovers do,
But such as beare a constant mind
And will to me prove true,

now I will set as little by any she,
As she by me hath done,
I will love where is constancy
Or else I will love none,

A Willow Garland on my head,
I ever mean to wear
I need no pillow to my bed,
I am clear void of care.
A single life is without strife,
And free from sighes and groanes
Therefore I mean in longest night
Ever to lie alone.

Once I lov'd the fairest love
That e're my eyes did see
But she to me unconstant prov'd
And set no love by me.
And ever since my mind so lost
He lend no love to none,
Because I have been thus much crost
He ever lie alone.

A SONG.

B Egon begon my Willy my Billy,
Begon begon my dear,
The weather is warm,
Twill do thee no harm,
Thou canst not be lodged here.

My

My Willy my Billy, my Hony my conny,
 My love my dove my dear,
 Oh oh, the wether is warm
 'Twill do thee no harm,
 Oh oh thou canst not be lodged here.

Farewel farewell my Juggie my puggie,
 Farewel farewell my dear,
 Then will I be gone,
 From whence that I came,
 If I cannot be lodged here.

My Juggie my puggie, my hony my cony,
 My love my dove my dear,
 Oh oh then will I begone
 From whence that I came,
 'Oh oh if I cannot be lodged here.

Return return my Willy my Billy
 Return my dove and my dear
 The wether doth change,
 Then seem it not strange
 Thou canst not be lodged here.
 My Willy my Billy, my hony my cony
 My love my dove my dear,
 Oh oh the wether doth change,
 Then seem it not strange
 Oh and thou shalt be lodged here.

*A SONG.*

Sweet at night shall I come to your bed fie no,
You need not hazard your maidenhead why
Is not your will a law to restrain, yes yes (so
What should make you then to refrain pish pish,
Give me an answer grant my desire peace peace
See see what harm it is thus to aspire cease cease.

Fire unkind why slide you away hey ho
Cannot my love allure you to stay no no
Soon my life will end if you part tush tush,
And this fraite i'le send to my heart push push,
Farwel cruel thus I die hold hold,
Hold me then with your reply, be bold be bold,

Thus am I bold your armes to possess do do,
And your lips I can do no less hun hun
But my desire can linger no more alas alas,
Fear not twas nothing stirrd the door twas twas,
Thus by degrees I climb to aspire come come,
An hour of bliss (oh) ner'e to be spent ha done
(ha done

A SONG of his Mistress.

MY mistress is a Shuttle cok,
Compos'd of cock and feather,
Each battle doth play with her dock
And bang her on the leather,
One cannot suffice her still
But she rebounds to the other still,

Fa la lanke down dilly.

My mistress is a Tennis ball
Her leather so smooth and fine,
Shee's often bang'd against the wall,
And banded under line;
But he that means to win her will
Must hit her in the hazard still,

Fa la lanke down dilly.

My mistress is a Nightingal
So sweetly can she sing
As fair as fine as *Filomel*
A daughter for a King.
For in the night and darkness thick
She longs to leane against a prick

Fa la lanke down dilly.

My mistress is a nettle sharp,
And dangerous to finger
A gallant wench and full of mettle
I woofe shee is a stinger,
For if you do but touch her hips
Ther's no such liquor for your lips,

Fa la, &c.

My

My mistress is an Owle by night
All day she keeps her bed
For fear she should her beauty burn,
And no man would her wed;
But be she fair or foul in sight
She is as good as *Hellen* in the night

Fa la lanke down dilly.

My mistress is a moon so bright,
Would God that I could win her,
She loves to be stirring in the night
And keep a man within her;
A man that were both prick and thornes
Once a month shee'l make him were hornes,

Fa la lanke down dilly.

My mistress is a Tobaccopipe
Soon burn'd and often broke,
Shee carrieth fire ir her brink
That yieldeth forth no smoke
If shee have not a cleap skin
Shee hath a rumy thing within,

Fa la lanke down dilly.

My mistress is a ship of warr
Much shot discharged at her,
Her Puppe receiveth many a scare
Oft driven by winde and water,
Although she grapples at the last
Shee sinks and striketh down the mast

Fa la lanke down dilly.

Why should I my mistress call
An instrument a bable,

A shuttle cock a Terice ball.

A Ship of war unstabl'd

Say but this and say no more

Shee is a wanton and a hay ho.

Fala lanke down dill



On Luce Morgan a Common-VVhore.

EPIGRAM.

Here lies black *Luce* that Pick-hatch drab,
Who had a word for every stab,
Was leacherous as any Sparrow
Her Quiver ope to every arrow.
Wer't long, or short, or black, or white,
She would be sure to noch it right.
Wer't Lords or Knights, or Priests, or Squires,
Of any sort except a Friers :
A Friers shaft she lackt alone,
Because *England* here was none.
At last some Vestall fire she stole,
Which never went out in her hole.
And with that zealous fire being burn'd,
Vnto the Romish faith she turn'd:
And therein dy'd and was't not fit,
For a poor whore to dye in it,

*An Epitaph on a Whore.*

In this cold Monument lies one
Which I knew who hath lain upon,
The happier he whose light might charm,
And touch might keep King *David* warme.
Lovely as is the dawning East,
Was this Marbles frozen guest.
As glorious and as bright as day.
As oderiferous as *May*.
As streight and slender as the Crest,
Or Antler of the one beam'd Beast,
Whome I admired as soon as I knew.
And now her memory persue,
With such a superstitious Lust,
That I could fumble with her dust.
She all perfections had, and more,
Tempting, as if design'd an whore:
For so she was, and some there are
Whores, I could wish them all as faire.
Courteous she was, and yong, and wise,
And in her calling so precise;
That industry had made her prove,
The sucking School-Mistress of Love,
But Death, ambitious to become
Her Pupil, left his gasty home:

And

And seeing how we us'd her here,
 The raw-bone Raskal ravish'd her.
 Who pretty soul resign'd her breath,
 To practice Lechery with death.



A mock-song.

I.

OH Love, whose power and might
 No Creature ere withstand,
 Thou forcest me to write,
 Come turn about *Robin-hood.*

2.

Sole Mistress of my heart,
 Let me thus farr presume,
 To make this request ;
 A black patch for the Rhume.

3.

Grant pitty or I die,
 Love so my heart bewitches,
 With grief I houle and cry ;
 Oh how my Elbow Itches.

4.

Teares overflow my eyes
 With floods of daily weeping,
 That in the silent night,
 I cannot rest for sleeping.

L.M.A.

What

5.

What is't I would not doe
 To purchase one sweete smile ?
 Bid me to *China* goe,
 Faith I'le sit still the while.

6.

Oh women you will never,
 But think men still will flatter ;
 I vow I love you ever,
 But yet it is no matter.

7.

Cupid is blind they say,
 But yet methinks he feeth ;
 He struck my heart to day,
 A Turd in *Cupids* teeth.

8.

Her Tresses that were wrought,
 Much like the golden snare,
 My loving heart hath caught,
 As *Mosse* did catch his Mare.

9.

But since that all relieve,
 And comfort doe forsake me,
 I'le kill my self with grief ;
 Nay then the Devill take me.

10.

And since her grateful merits,
 My loving look must lack,
 I'le strop my vitall spirits
 With Claret and with Sack.

D

Marke

II.

Marke well my woful hap,
Ioye rector of the Thunder,
 Send down thy thunder-clap,
 And rend her smock in sunder.

*The Answer.*

I.

YOur Letter I receiv'd
 Bedeckt with flourishing quarters,
 Because you are deceiv'd,
 Goe hang you in your Garters.

2.

My beauty which is none,
 Yet such as you protest,
 Doth make you sigh and groan:
 Fie, fie, you do but jest.

3.

I cannot chuse but pity
 Your restless mourneful teares,
 Because your plaints are witty,
 You may goe shake your eares.

4.

To purchase your delight,
 No labour you shall leese,
 Your pains I will requite,;
 Maid, go fetch him Bread and Cheese,

'Tis you I faine would see,

'Tis you I daily think on;

My looks as kind shall be,

As the Devills over Lincoln.

6.

If ever I do tame

Great *love* of lightnings flashes ;

I'le send my fiery flame,

And burn thee into ashes.

7.

I can by no meanes misst thee,

But needs must have thee one day,

I prethee come and kiss me,

Whereon I sat on Sunday.



In praise of his Mistrisses beauty.

1.

I Have the fairest *non-perel*,

I The fairest that ever was seen,

And had not *Venus* been in the way,

She had been beauties Queen.

2.

Her lovely looks, her comly grace,

I will describe at large;

God Cupid put her in his books,

And of this Jem took charge.

D 2

3. The

3.

*The Gracian Hellen was a Moore ,
Compar'd to my dear Saint,
And fair fac'd Hyren's beauty poor,
And yet she doth not paint.*

4.

*Andromeda whom Persens lov'd
Was foule were she in sight,
Her lineaments so well approv'd,
In praise of her I'll write.*

5.

*Her haire not like the golden wire,
But black as any Crow,
Her browes so beetl'd all admire,
Her forehead wondrous low.*

6.

*Her squinting staring gogling eyes,
Poor Children doe affright ,
Her nose is of the sarasens size;
Oh she's a matchless wight .*

7.

*Her Oven-mouth wide open stands ,
And teeth like rotten pease ,
Her Swan-like neck my heart commands ,
And brests all bit with Fleas.*

8.

*Her tawny dugs like too great hills ,
Hang Sow-like to her waft ,
Her body huge like two wind-mills ,
And yet she's wondrous chast.*

9.

Her shoulders of so large a breadth,
Shee'd make an excellent Porter
And yet her belly caries most,
If any man could sort her.

10.

No Shoulder of Mutton like her hand,
For broadness, thick and fat,
With a pocky Mange upon her wrist;
Oh love! how love I that?

11.

Her belly Tun-like to behold,
Her bush doth all excel,
The thing that by all men extol'd,
Is wider then a well.

12.

Her brawny buttocks plump and round,
Much like a Horse of Warre,
With speckled thighs, scab'd and Scarce sound;
Her knees like bakers are.

13.

Her leggs are like the Elephants,
The Calfe and small both one,
Her ankles they together meet,
And still knock bone to bone.

14.

Her pretty feet not 'bove fifteens,
So splay'd as never was,
An excellent Usher for a man
That walks the dewy grass.

15.

Thus have you heard my Mistress prais'd,

And yet no flattery us'd,

Pray tell me, is she not of worth?

Let her not be abus'd.

16.

If any to her have a minde,

He doth me woundrous wrong

For as she's Beautious so she's Chast,

And thus conclude my Song.

A SONG.

1.

Vhen yong folkes first begin to love,
And undergoe that tedious taske,
It cuts and scowres throughout the powers
Much like a running glass.

2.

It is so full of sodain joyes

Proceeding from the Heart,

So many tricks, and so many toyes,

And all not worth a Fart.

3.

For *Venus* loved *Vulcan*,

Yet she would lye with *Mars*,

If these be honest tricks my love,

Sweet love come kisse mine.

4.
If that which I have writ,
Be unmannely in speech,
Yet when occasion serves to shite,
Will serve to wipe your breech.

5.
Thus kindly and in Courtesie,
These few lines I have written,
And now O love come kiss mine —
For I am all beshitten.

A Song of the Sea-men and Land-souldiers.

I.
VV E Sea-men are the bony-boyes,
That feare no stormes nor Rocks a,
Whose Musick is the Cannions noise,
Whose sporting is with knockes a.

2.
Mars has no Children of his own,
But we that fight on Land a,
Land-Souldiers Kingdome up have blown,
Yet they unshaken stand a.

3.
Tis br ave to see a tall Ship faire,
With all her trim gear on a.
As though the Devil were in her taile,
She fore the wind will run a.

4.
Our maine battalia when it moves,
Ther's no such glorious thing a,
Where leaders like so many loves
Abroad their thunder fling a.

5.
Come let us reckon what Ships are ours,
The *Gorgon* and the *Dragon*,
The *Lyon* that in fight is bold,
The *Bull* with bloody flag on.

6.
Come let us reckon what works are ours,
Forts, Bulwarks, Barricadoes,
Mounts, Gabions, Parrapits, Countermurs,
Casemates and Pallisadoes.

7.
The *Bear*, the *Dog*, the *Fox*, the *Kite*,
That stood fast on the Rover,
They chas'd the *Turke* in a day and night,
From *Scanderoon* to *Dover*.

8.
Field-pieces, Muskets, Groves of Pikes,
Carbines and Canoneers a,
Squadrons, half Moons, with Rakes and File
And Fronts, and Vans, and Reers a.

9.
A Health to brave Land-Souldiers all,
Let Cans a piece goe round a,
Pell-mell let's to the Battaille fall,
And lofty musick sound a.



A Song.

MY dear and onely love take heed,
How thou thy self expose,
And let no longing Lovers feed,
On such like looks as those,
I'le Marble wall thee round about,
Being built without a door :
But if my love do once break out,
I'le never love thee more.

Nor let their Oaths by volleys shot,
Make any breach at all ;
Nor smoothness of ther language plot
Away to scale the wall,
Nor balls of Wilde-fire Love consume,
The shrine that I adore,
For if such smoak about thee sume,
I'le never love thee more.

Thy

Thy wishes are as yet too strong ,
To suffer by surprize ,
and victed with my love so long ,
Of force the siege must rise ;
And leave thee in the strength of health ,
And state thou wert before :
But if thou prove a common-wealth
I'le never love thee more.

Or if by fraud , or by consent ,
My heart to ruine come ,
I'le ne'r sound Trumpet as I meant ,
Nor march by beat of Drum :
But fould mine Armes like Ensignes up ,
Thy falsehood to deplore ,
And after such a bitter cup ,
I'le never love thee more,

Then doe by thee as *Nero* did ,
When *Rome* was set on fire ,
Not onely all relieve forbid ,
But to a hill retire ;
And scorne to shed a teare to saye
Such spirits grown so poor ,
But laugh and sing thee to thy grave ,
And never love thee more.

A SONG.

1.
VVhen Phœbus address'd his course to the
And took up his rest below, (West,
And Cynthia agreed in a glittering weed,
Her light in his stead to bestow.

Travel'd alone, attended by none,

Till sodainly I heard one cry;

Oh doe not, doe not kill me yet,

For I am not prepared to dye.

2.

With that I came nere, to see and to hear,
And there did appeare a shew;
The Moon was so bright, I saw such a sight,
Not fit that each wight should know.

A Man and a Maid together were laid,

And ever she cry'd Oh fie!

Oh doe not, doe not kill me yet,

For I am not prepared to dye.

The

3.

The young man was rough, and he took up ~~her~~
 And to blind man buffe he would go; (~~stuff~~
 Yet still she did cry, but still she did lye,
 And put him but by with a no:
 But she was so young, and he was so strong,
 Which made her still to cry,
*Oh doe not, doe not kill me
 For I am not prepared to dye.*

4.

With that he gave o're and swore, solemnly
 He would kill her no more that night,
 He bid her adue, for little he knew,
 She would tempt him to more delight,
 But being to depart it grieved her heart,
 Which made her loud to cry,
*Oh kill me, kill me once again,
 For now I am prepared to dye.*

A SONG.

I Courted a Lasse, my folly was the cause of
 (her disdaining; Th
 I courted her thus, what shall I sweer *Dolly*, do
 (for thy dear loves obtaining?
 But another had dallied with this my *Dolly*, that
 (*Dolly* for all her faining, Th
 Had got such a Mountain above her Valley, that
 (*Dolly* went home complaining.
 Upon

Apon my Lord Majors day, being put off by
reason of the Plague.

If you'l but here me I shall tell,
A sad mischance that late befel,
for which the daies of old,
In all new Almanacks must mourn,
And Babes that never must be born,
shall weep to hear it told.

For loe the sport of that great day,
In which the Major hath leave to play,
and with him all the town;
His Flag, and drum, and Fife releas'd,
And he forbid to goe a Feast-
ing in his Scarlet Gown,

No Fife must on the Thames be seen,
To fright the Major, and please the Queen,
nor any wild fire tost.

Though he suppose the Fleet that late,
Invaded us in eighty eight,
o're matcht by his Gally foist.

The Pageants, and the painted cost
Bestowed on them, are all quite lost,
for now he must not ride:
Nor

Nor shall they sheare the Players tall,
Being mounted on some mighty Whale,
swims with him through Cheap-

*Guild-hal now must not entertain
The Major, who there would feast his brain ,
with white broth and with He
Nor shall the Fencers act their Piggys,
Before the Hinch-boyes which are Gigges,
whipt out with all the m*

*Nor must he go in State to swear,
As he was wont at Westminster.
no Trumpets at the H
Their clamorous voices there would stretch ,
As if the Lawyers they would teach ,
in their own Courtes to b*

*But what in sooth is pitty most ,
Is for their Daughters they have lost ,
all joyes for which they pray
Which scatter palmes on their cheeks ,
Which they had prim'd at least three weeks
before against the d*

*And 'mongst themselves they much complain ,
That this Lord Major in first of reign ,
should do them so much wron*

As to suppress by message sad,
 The feast for which they all have had,
 Their Match-pane dream so long.

Thus for their beauteous sakes have I,
 Describ'd the daies large History,
 'tis true although not witty
 Which is deny'd, for I'de be loath,
 To cut my coat, above my cloath,
 my Subject is the City.

A Song by Sir John Suckling.

Out upon it, I have lov'd , three whole daies
 together,
 And perchance might love three more , if that it
 (hold fair weather ;
 Time shall melt his wing away , e're he can dis-
 (cover
 In the whole wide world again , such a constant
 (lover.

But a pox upon't, no praise there is due at all to
 (me,
 Love with me had had no stay , had it any been
 (but she :
 Had it any been but she , and that very very face,
 There had been long time e're this , a dozen do-
 zen in her place.

The



The answer by the same Author.

Say, but did you love so long ? in sooth I need
 (must blame yo
 Passion did your judgement wrong , and want
 (Reason shame yo
 Truth , Times fair and witty Daughter , quick
 (did discover aga
 You were a subject fit for laughter , and mor
 (fooll then Lov
 Yet you needs must merit praise for your com
 (stant folly
 Since that you lov'd three whole daies , were yo
 (not melancholly
 She for whom you lov'd so true , and that ver
 (very face on
 Puts each minute such as you , a dozen dozen to
 (disgrace



Upon an old Scold.

Iove lay thy Majesty aside , and wonder
 To hear a voice in consort with thy thunder ,
 Whil

Whilst thine with a shrill treble neatly graces,
 The roaring clamour of her deep-mouth'd basis;
 Yet in each point, her nimble chops run on,
 The lubrick touches of division, (spire,
 And when her kindled thoughts, her tongue in-
 instead of words, like *Etna* she spits fire:
 So in a word, (to her eternal fame)
 Shee'll excercise thy thunder, and thy flame;
 Old Time had pull'd her teeth out, but they'r
 Again, more sharp and active in her tongue.
 In her Malignant Aspect doth appear,
 The season of the Dog-dayes all the year.
 With her sowre look she might convert the Sea,
 And all the Elements to Curds and Whea.



On a deformed old woman (whorish) whome
 one was pleased to call the Phœnix.

Art thou the *Phœnix*? I could rather swear,
 Thou art *Callisto*, chang'd into a Bear;
 Or else thou then transformed but in part,
 And so laid by, halfe Bear, halfe Woman art,
 Or art thou *Io*, whome adulterate *Jove*,
 Long since, when thou wert beautiful did love:
 And jealous *Iuno* for thy crime hath now
 Chang'd thee into a foule mishapen Cow;

But thou the badge of thy disgrace now scorns
And makes thy harmless Husband wear

He that can call thee *Phœnix* from his heart,
Must needs be such another as thou art.
Or he to sacred beauty had a spite,
(Like those that use to paint the Devil white)
And calling thee the *Phœnix* hath out-gone,
All that revenge could e're think upon;
He had more truly spoke, and might with less
Despight have call'd the Devil his Holiness.
Should but thy picture be expos'd to sight,
And under it the name of *Phœnix* write; woe
They that ner'e knew what meant the *Phœnix*
Straight swear by it, the Devil was understood.

* * * * *

*A Gentleman on his being trim'd by
a Cobler.*

MY haire grown rude, and Gally's bridle
(broke down)
Which dam'd my passage to Carmarthen Towne
Trim'd was I, I am sure, but by what Monster?
If I describe him, you will hardly Conster:
'Tis one whose foot is in the stirrup still
Yet never rides, waxes each hour more ill
Yet never treads; can make a bad soul better,
Yet no Divine, nor scarce doth know a letter.

He's alwaies sowing, yet ne'r useth needle,
Put, folkes i' th stocks, yet is no beggars beadle,
Mens legs he stretcheth often on a tree, (fee.
Yet free from th' Gallows, and the Hangmans
Let a Consumption some to skellitons waft,
He will be sure to ease'nm at the last,
And yet is no Phyfician, he's still knocking, (ing
Yet breaks no peace, nor need his doors unlock-
He alwaies sits, yet Table wants, and Carpet,
But looks like a scab'd Sheep, tane from a Tarpit.
This lovely gallant, with his well pitcht thumbe,
And Leather apron on, my hide did thrumb;
And par'd my face, 'twere worth the sight to have
To see his oilye joyns about my chin. (bin
Armarthen Barbers be not quite dismayed,
Hough Kit the Cobler undertake your trade;
I was only done that his best friends might feel,
How perfect he is made from head to Heel.

On Jack wiseman.

Jack Wiseman brags his very name
Proclaims his wit, he's much to blame,
To do the Proverb so much wrong,
Which saies he's wise that holds his tongue;
Which makes me contradict the Schooles,
And apt to think the wise men fooles.

Yet pardon *Lack*, I hear that now
 Thou'rt wed, and must thy widallow,
 That by a strange enigma can,
 Make a light Woman a *Wisenan*.



Love blind, a Song.

I.

Love blind? who saies so? 'tis a lye,
 I'lle not believe it, no not I;
 If Love be blind how can he then
 Discerne to hit the hearts of men?
 Yet pause a while it may be true,
 Or else hee'd wound the womens too.

2.

The Females only Scape? nay then,
 The lad has got his eyes agen;
 And yet methinks 'tis strange that he
 Should strike at randome thus, and see;
 I'th' guiding still to fix his dart,
 And leave untouched the stubborne heart.

3,

Love blind? how can his darts surprize
 Our hearts then, piercing through our eyes?
 Unless by secret power guided,
 Least he by us should be derided,
 It be the little Archers minde,
 To make us all as he is, blinde.

The Anglers Song.

'Th' non-age of the Morn we got up,
If plots had tane all night, w'had sate up :
Now e're before the Sun took Coach,
We were with Bream, and Pike, and Roach:
But if you'd know how we thus earely
Addrest to th' field, I'le tell you squarely.
Ah' Alarum of a Watch ingages,
And doth provoke our stout courages :
Or that at houre of three wo'nt dally,
Up we rose , and forth we sally.
Of Fish we meane a flat massac're,
And so we march o're many an Acre.
And that you mayn't our deeds misconster,
Say wot you well, there is a monster ;
Who with tyrannick power doth seize on,
(As greedy morttals feed on Peason)
Ah' oppressed frie, he's hight the Pike,
Who often times doth lurke in Dyke.
So on we go, and much we brag,
Hough each behind his fellow lag.
At home we came, that in our dish
What Proverb saith (as mute as Fish)
You might have throwne : but this rare story,
Lie not so rudely lay before ye.

But at preceeding points wee'l touch,
Though you perhaps will think to much;
But those I am resolv'd to give ye,
Though I'm voluminous as *Livie*.

Of Dew there was a gallant draught,
Which when the sun arose he quaft:
But 'cause he did not rise so soon,
I'ch' interim we had wet our shoon. (pond)

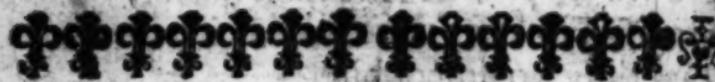
When we came neer the place call'd Bread
(I wish that it had been in Dutch-lond)
And that our fancies 'gan to gallop,
A thick blue mist did us invellop:
Which caus'd us to commit an error,
But yet we march on without fear or
Wit, untill that we arrive us,
There where our fishing fate did drive us.
But theré we met with an ill Omen,
For at the pond side there were some men;
Which were so bold as to cry pish,
As Proverb saies, *hee'l catch no fish*
That swears; which they did stoutly,
As they did about the pond lye.

These men some bottles of Canary,
To keep the Mists and Damps did carry;
Although we did not ken a wight,
Yet lovingly they us invite,
That of there Sack wee'd take a dish,
Which was not brought to Fox the fish.

We left them and be-rook our selves,
With bates to Court the watry Elves;

There we did practise Arts most quaint,
 But rogish Fish they were so do daint-
 ty, that they would not bite,
 But all our pretious morsels slight ;
 Though divers of them cost much money,
 (Amongst the rest was Loaf and Honey.)
 We count the cost to ten pence sterlinc,
 All which into the pond we hurl in.
 The Proverb here should be inserted,
 But I am loath't should be inverted :
 Do what I can it needs will out,
 Lose a Fly, and catch a Trout.
 How e're this adage goes, we are far,
 From losing of a Hog for Tarre.
 So that's on our side still I see,
 One Proverb that's our, Enemy.
 For as we did our business handle,
 Our sport it was not worth the Candle.

But to returne, the wind did bluster,
 So we came home all in cluster.
 Our heads hung down, our hands in pocket,
 And all our patience burn't to th' socket.
 Only by the way we triide our skill,
 But the same Planer govern'd still
 That rul'd i'ch morne : so home we hide us,(us,
 And blame those Planets which that day had spi'd
 Wch blinking aspects, grutching our good fortane
 Though we most zealously did them importune.
 And the next day new sorrow administr'd,
 For all our feet were with our travell blistered.



A SONG.

SHe lay all naked in her bed,
And I my self lay by;
No Vail but Curtaines about her spread.

No covering but I.
Her head upon her shoulders seeks,
To hang in careless wise,
All full of blushes was her cheeks,
And of wishes were her eyes.

2.

The blood still fresh into her face,
As on a message came,
To say that in another place,
It meant a nother game.
Her cherry lips, moist, plump and faire,
Millions of Kisses strown,
Which ripe and uncropt dangled there,
And weigh the branches down.

3.

Her Breasts that swell'd so plump and high,
Bred pleasant pain in me,
For all the world I do desie,
The like felicity,

I could never two think how to get the like

Her thighs and belly soft and faire,
 To me were only shewn,
 To have seen such meat, and not to have eat,
 Would have angred any stome.

4.

Her knees lay upward gently bent,
 And all lay hollow under,
 As if on easie termes they meant,
 To fall unforc't asunder.
 Just so the Cyprian Queen did lye,
 Expecting in her bower,
 When too long stay, had kept the boy,
 Beyond his promised houre.

5.

Dall clown, quoth she, why dost delay
 Such proffered bles to take?
 Canst thou find out no other way
 Similitude to make?
 Mad with delight I thundering,
 Threw my Armes about her,
 But pox upon't 'twas but a dream,
 And so I lay without her.

An answer, being a dreamed.

I.

SHe lay up to the Navel bare,
 As was a willing Lover,
 Expecting between hope and fear,
 When I would come and cover.
 Her hand beneath my waste-band slips,
 To grope in busie wise,
 Which caused a trembling in her lips,
 And a shivering in her eyes.

2.

The blood out of her face did goe,
 As it on service went,
 To second what was goe before,
 When all its strength was spent.
 Her Cheeks and lips as Coral redd,
 Like Roses were full blown:
 Which fading streight, the leaves were spread,
 And so the — — — comes down.

3.

Her breasts that then both panting were,
 Such comfort wrought between us,
 That all the world I dare to swear,
 Would envy to have seen us.

Her

Her belly and its provinder ,
For me was kept in store ;
Such news to hear, and not to have share,
Would have made a man a Whore.

4.

Her legs were girt about my waste,
My hand under her Crupper,
As who should say now break your face,
And come again to supper.
Even as the God of Warre did knock,
As any other man will,
For hast of work, till twelve a Clock ,
Kept Vulcan at his Anvil.

Mad wag, quoth she, why dost thou make
Such hast thy self to rearre ?
Canst thou not know that for thy sake ,
The Fair lasts all the year ?
Quiet and calme as are loves streames ,
I threw my self about her,
But a pox upon true jests and dreames ,
I had better have laine without her.



A SONG.

I.

Full forty times over, I have strived to win,
 Full forty times over neglected have been,
 But it's forty to one, but I'll tempt her again :
 For he's a dull lover,
 That so will give over,
 Seeing thus runs the sport,
 Seeing thus runs the sport,
 And assault her but often you'll carry the fort,
 Seeing thus runs the sport,
 And assault her but often you'll carry the fort.

2.

Ther's a breach ready made , which still open
 And thousands of thoughts to betray it within ,
 If you once come to stome her, you're sure to
 Then stand not off coldly , (get in.
 But venter on boldly ,
 With weapon in hand ,
 With weapon in hand ,
 If you do but aproach her , she's not able to
 With weapon in hand . (Stand.
 If you charge her but home she's not able to
 Some

3.

Some Ladies when down them before you do sit,
Will strive to repulse you with fire-balls of wit,
But alas they're but Crackers and seldom do hit;

Then vanquish them after,
With Alarums of laughter,
Their forces being broke,
Their forces being broke, (smoak,
And the fire quite past, you may vanquish the
Their forces being broke, (smoak,
And the fire quite past, you may vanquish the

4.

(make,
With pride and with state some outworks we
And with volleys of frownes drive the enemy
(back,

If you min^t them discreetly they are easie to
Then to it, nere fear them, (take,
But boldly come neer them,
By working about,
By working about, (out,
If you once but approach, they can nere hold it
By working about, (out,
If you once but approach; they can nere hold it

5.

Some Ladies with blushes and modesty fight,
 And with their own fear, the rude foe do
 But they're easie surpriz'd, if you come in the
 Then thus you must drive it, (night and
 To parley in private,
 And the'yr overthrown, (your own
 If you promise them so Fairly, they'll soon be your
 And the'yr overthrown. (your own
 If you promise them so fairly, they'll soon be your



A SONG.

Ve I go no more to Tunbridge wells,
 The journey is too farr,
 Nor ride in Epsom Wagon where
 Where our bodies jumbled are.
 But we will all to the West-wood waters goe,
 The best that ere you saw,
 And we will have them hence forth call'd
 The Kentish new found spaw.
 Then go Lords and Ladies what e're you ail'd,
 Go thither all that pleases,
 For it will cure you without all fail,
 Of old and new diseases.

If you would know how it was out found;
The truth I cannot tell, (a Well.
Some say it was by Dooter Trig, and so became
Others affirme his patient,
which did much pain indure,
Went thither and washt a festered sore,
And had a perfect cure.

Then go, &c.

Thither all the Countrey people flock,
By day and eke by night,
And for to fill their bottles full,
They scramble, scratch and fight.
But when the Gentry thither come'
And others of good fashion,
There is presented unto them,
A fine accommodation,
Then go &c.

Ioans hole was the first was dig'd,
My Ladies was next after,
When you are there you'll hardly taste,
which is the better water.
For it is so that my Laidies hole,
Is digged so neer to Ioane,
That and if the people be too rude,
They will break both holes into one,

Then go &c.

Ladyes

Ladies there you may your bodyes cleanse,
 By stoole and Urine too,
 'Twill make you have a stomack too't,
 Whether you wil or no.
 There you may skip behind a bush,
 A fitting place to finde,
 'Twill make you ope and shut your purse,
 Before and eke behinde,
Then go &c.

If I shold tell you ic would cure,
 Each malady and grief,
 Perhaps you would be like other men,
 Or people past beliefe.
 Therefore I pray will you think it fit,
 Go thither all and try,
 And when you have approv'd of it,
 You'l say as much as I.
Then go &c.

Of banishing the Ladies out of Town.

I.

A Story strange I will unfold,
 Then which a sadder ne're was told,
 How the Ladies were from London sent,
 With mickle woe and discontent.

2.

heart of Marble would have bled,
 To see this rout of white and red,
 Both Yorke and Lancaster must fly,
 With all their painted Monarchy.

3.

those faces which men so much prize,
 In Mrs. Gibbs her Liveries,
 Must leave their false and borrowed hue,
 And put on greif that's onely true.

4.

those pretty patches long and round,
 Which covered all that was not sound;
 Must be forgotten at the Farmes,
 As useles's and suspitious charmes.

5.

Now we must leave all our desinges,
 That were contriv'd within the Lines;
 Communication is deny'd,
 If to our Husbands we be tryed,

6.

and here's the misery alone,
 We must have nothing but our own;
 We give us Liberty and we
 Will never aske propriety.

F.

7. Alas

7.

Alas how can a kiss be sent,
 From Rocky Cornwall into Kent?
 Or how can Sussex stretch an arme,
 To keep a Northern servant warme?

8.

Oh London! Centre of all Mirth,
 Th' Epitome of English Earth;
 All Provinces are in the streets,
 And Warwick-shire with Essex meets,

9.

Then farwel Queen-street, and the Fields,
 And Garden that such pleasure yeilds,
 Oh who would such faire Lodgings change,
 To nestle in a plunder'd grange.

10.

Farewell good places old and new,
 And Oxford Kates once more adieu:
 But it goes unto our very hearts,
 To leave the Cheese-cakes and the Tarts.

11.

Farewell Bridge-foot and Bear thereby,
 And those bald-pates that stand so high.
 We wish it from our very soules,
 That other heads were on those powles.

I.2.

But whether hands of Parliament,
Or of Husbands we're content,
Since all alike such Traitors be,
Both against us and Monarchy.



A SONG.

I.1.

Ay that sulley Garland by thee,
Keep it for the Elysian shades;
Take my Wreathes of lusty Ivy,
Not of that faint mrtle made.
When I see thy soule descending,
To that cool and sterrill plaine
Of fond fooles, the Lake attending,
You shall weare this wreath again,
And drink wine, and know the odds,
Twixt that Lethe, 'twixt that Lethe,
Twixt that Lethe, and the Gods

2.

Rouse thy dull and drowsie spirits,
Behold the soule reviving streams,
That stupid Lovers brains inherits,
Brought but dull and empty dreams.

Think not those dismal trances,
 With our raptures can contend :
 The lad that laughs, and sings, and dances,
 May come sooner to his end.
 Sadness may some pity move,
 Mirth and Courage vanquish Love,

3.

Pye then on that cloudy fore-head
 Ope those vainly crossed arms,
 you may as well call back the buried,
 As raise Love by such dull charmes.
 Sacrifice a Glass of Claret,
 To each letter of her name,
 Gods themselves descend for it,
 Mortals must do more the same.
 If she come not in that flood,
 Sleep will come, and that's as good,

*An Answer.*

Cast that Ivy Garland from thee,
 Leave it for some ruder blade,
 Venus Wreathes will best become me,
 Not of blazing Bacchus made.

When my high flown soule ascended,
To Loves bright and warmer sphear ;
Whilst with *Chaplets* I me attened,
Then an Ivy bush shall weare.

Sober Lovers some may prove,
Mortals tipple, mortals tipple,
Gods doe love.

2.
Welcome merry melancholly,
Fancyng beauties quickning beames,
Boone Companions will though jolly,
Shrink in oyer wetting stremes.
Think not that these ranting humors,
May with modesty contend ;
Lesser love toyes often doe more,
When they come unto their end.

Purenelle may some pitty move,
Sober carriage charme a Love,

3.
Offer up a yoke of kisses,
To the Lady you adore,
Love for such a bliss as this is,
Would come down as heretofore.
If this way she can't be had,
Drinking comes, and that's as bad.



A SONG.

I.

NO mans love firy passions can approve,
As either yeilding pleasure & promotion
I like of milde and luke-warme zeale in Love,
Although I do not like it in devotion.

2.

For it hath no choherence in my Creed,
To think that Lovers do as they pretend ;
If all that say they dye, had died indeed,
Sure long e're this, the world had had an end.

3.

Besides we need not love unless we please,
No destiny can force mans disposition ;
And how can any dye of that disease,
Whereof himself may be his own Physician.

4.

Some one perhaps with long Consumption dry
And after falling into love may dye,
But I dare pawn my life, he nere had died,
Had he been half so sound at heart as I.

5.

Another rather then incur the slander,
Of true Apostate, will false Martyr prove;
But I am neither *Orpheus* nor *Leander*,
Ile neither hang nor crown my self for love.

6.

Yet I have been a Lover by report,
And died for Love, as many others do,
But thanks to *Love*, is was in such a sort,
That I reviv'd within an hour or two.

7.

Thus have I liv'd, thus have I lov'd till now.
And know no reason to repent me yet,
And whosoever otherwise shall do,
His courage is as little as his wit.



A SONG.

I.

Dear *Cassandra* let me rise,
Aurora gins to jeer me,
and say that I do wantonize,
I prethee sweet lye neer me.

2.

Let Red *Aurora* blush my deare,
 And *Phæbus* laughing follow,
 Thou only art *Aurora* here,
 Let me be thine *Apollo*.

3.

It is to envy at thy bliss,
 That they do rise before us,
 Is there such hurt in this, or this,
 Nay, aye, why *Castadoris*.

4.

What *Arabella* can one night
 Of wanton dalliance try you ?
 I could be ever, if I might,
 One hour let me desire you.

5.

Nay fie, you hurt me, let me go,
 If you so roughly use me,
 What can I say, or think of you ?
 I prethee sweet excuse me.

6.

Thy Beauty and thy Love defend,
 I should ungently move thee
 'Tis blisses sweet that I intend,
 It is not I that love thee ?

7.

I do confess it is but then,
Since you do so importune ;
That I shou'd once lie down agen,
Vouchsafe to draw the Curtaine,

8.

Aurora and *Apollo* too,
May visit silent fields ;
By our consent, they were shall know,
What bliss our pleasure yeilds.

*A North Countrey Song.*

I.

Vhen I se came first to *London Town*,
I wor a Novice as other men are ;
I thought the King had liv'd at the Crown,
And the way to'l Heaven had been through
(the Starre.

2.

Ise set up my Horse, and Ise went to *Pouls*,
Good Lord quo I, what a Kirk been here.
Then Ise did sweare by all Kerson souls,
It wor a mile long, or very near.

It

3.
 It wor as high as any Hill,
 A Hill, quo I, nay as a Mountaine,
 Then went Ise up with a very good will,
 But glad ywor I to come down again.

4.
 For as I went up my head roe round,
 Then be it known to all Kerson people,
 A man is no little way fro the ground,
 When he's o'th top of all Pales steeple.

5.
 Ise lay down my hot, and Ise went to pray,
 But wor not this a most pitious case,
 Afore I had don it wor stolen away, (place)
 Who'd have thought theevs had been in that

6.
 Now for my Hot Ise made great moan,
 A stander by unto me said,
 Thou didst not observe the Scripture aright,
 For thou mun a watcht, as well as a pray'd

7.
 Forth thence Ise went and I saw my Lord Major,
 Good lack what a sight was there to see,
 My Lord and his Horse were both of a haire,
 I could not tell which the Mare should be.

From

8.

From thence to Westminster, I went,
 Where many a brave Lawyer I did see,
 Some of them had a bad intent,
 For there my purse was stolne from me.

9.

To see the Tombes was my desire,
 I went with many brave fellowes store,
 I gave them a penny that was their hire,
 And he's but a fool that will give any more.

10.

Then through the roomes the fellow me led,
 Where all the sights were to be seen,
 And snuffling told me through the nose,
 What formerly the name of those had been,

11.

Here lies, quoth he, Henry the third.
 Thou ly'st like a knave, he saies never a word,
 And here lies Richard the second inter'd,
 And heres stands good King Edwards sword.

12.

Under this Chair lies Jacobs stone,
 The very same stone lies under the Chair,
 A very good jest had Jacob but one,
 How got he so many Sons without a paire?

13.

I staid not there, but down with the tide
 I made great hast, and I went my way ;
 For I was to see the Lions beside,
 And the Parris-garden all in a day.

14.

When Ise came there, I was in a rage,
 I rayl'd on him that kept the Beares,
 Instead of a Stake was suffered a Stage,
 And in Hunkes his house a crue of Players.

15.

Then through the Brigg to the Tower Ise wen
 With much adoe Ise entred in ,
 And after a peny that I had spent,
 One with a loud voice did thus begin.

16.

This Lion's the Kings, and that is the Queens,
 And this is the Princes that stands hereby,
 With that I went neer to look in the Den.
 'Cods body, quoth he, why come you so nigh

17.

Ise made great hast unto my Inne,
 I supt and I went to bed betimes
 Ise slept, and Ise dreamt what I had seen,
 And wak't again by Cheapside Chimes

Sould

Several complexions.

Hall I woe thee lovely Molly,
She is fair, fat, fine and Jolly,
But she hath a trick of folly;
Therefore Ile have none of Molly,
No no, no no no, I'le have none of Molly,
No no no no no.

What say you to pritty Betty,
Have you seen a Lass more pretty,
But her browes are alwaies swettry;
Therefore I'le have none of Betty, no no.

When I wooed the lovely Dolly,
Then she freight growes melancholly,
That wench is pestilent holy
Therefore I'le have none of Dolly, no no.

When I kist my lovely Frankey,
She makes curchie and saies I thankey,
But her breath is to to rankey,
Therefore I'le none of Frankey, no no.

I commend brave minded Barby,
She'll stand me strike or stabby,
But her wrists are alwaies Scabby;
Therefore I will have none of Barby, no no.

VVhat

What say you to pretty Benny,
 She thinks good silver is her penny,
 For want of use she is fenny,
 Therefore I will have none of Benny, no no.

I could fancy pritty Nanny,
 But she has the love of many,
 And her self will not love any, on on on on on
 Therefore I will have none of Nanny, no no.

In a flax house I saw Rachel,
 As she her flax and tow did hachell,
 But her cheeks hunge like a Sachel,
 Therefore I'll have none of Rachel, no no.

When I met with lovely Nally,
 I was bold with her to tally,
 She lay down ere I said shally,
 Therefore I'll have none of Nally, no no.

O the Cherry lippes of Nelly
 They are smooth soft sweet as jelly
 But she has too big a belly
 Therefor I'll have none of Nelly, no no.

Shall I court the lovely Siby
 For she can finely dance the fy by
 But her tongue is to to clyby
 Therefore I'll have none of Siby, no no.

The carelef's Commander.

Ing care away let us be glad,
 The King is willing we should dance
 e is not disloyal that will be sad,
 Or vext with fickel Chance, *Boyes.*

er others sit at home and muse
 About some state and policy,
 r haunt a broad for foraigne news,
 It shall never trouble me, *Boyes.*

What newes from Hollonds late arrived,
 What is the state of *Germany;*
 What of the conclaves are contrived,
 It shall never trouble me, *Boyes.*

heard of the King of Swedlands death,
 But how he died I did not see;
 And how Portingall was bereft of breake
 That never troubled me, *Boyes.*

hen life had given the Pallgrave over,
 I knew it was a thing shoulde be,
 And that Lady Bessy shoulde land at dover,
 That never troubled me, *Boyes,*

Now

Now where are all the summs were lent

Now the last Royal subsidy;

When we shall have a Parliament,

It shall never trouble me, *Boyes.*

And how our City wives do love

To feed upon variety;

When Maids of honour mothers prove,

It shall never trouble me, *Boyes.*

What Country man was George of green

Or when the Knight of the Sun shall be;

Married to the Fary Queen,

It shall never trouble me, *Boyes.*

Who shall be foole when Archos dead,

Or who Lord Mayor in 53

I were a foole it should be said,

That that should trouble me, *Boyes.*

My prayers shall be long live the King,

He's willing we should merry be;

As long as I can freely sing

There's nothing troubles me, *Boyes.*

Sometimes 'tis money that I lack,

To pay my little doccious fee;

And to steepe my Careles braines in Sack,

That only troubles me, *Boyes.*



A SONG.

You talke of old *England* but I do believe,
Old *England*'s grown new, & doth us deceive
Me ask you a question, or two by your leave.

And is not Old England grown new.

(with scarres

Where are the brave Souldiers with wounds and,
That never made swearing nor drinking, their
(warres

Nor never shed blood in mad drunken jarres

And is not &c.

(bowes;

Where are the old Swords the bills and the
The Targets & bucklers that never fear'd blowes,
They're turned to stilettoas and other vain shewes.

And is not &c.

New Captains are come which never did fight,
But with pott in the day and punke in the Night,
And all their care is to keep their Swords bright.

And is not &c.

(rides,

Where is the brave Courier which now he de-
With forty men blewcoates and footmen besides
They're turn'd to six horses & six good Cow-hides.

And is not &c.

G

They

They have new fashion'd beards and new fⁱ
on'd loo^t New
And new fashion'd hats for new pated blocks, New
And more new diseases besides the French po^t New
And is not &c.

The Gallants and Taylors are half years toget^{er} (po
To fit a new suite to a new Cap and feather, (th
And whether to make it of Cloath, Silke, or l^o
And is not &c.

(par
New tricking, new triming new measures , m
New heads for our men, for women new face
And twenty new tricks to mend thir bad caser.
And is not &c.

New tricks in the Law, new Leases new hold^{ay}
New bodies we have, we hope for new soules,
When our money's laid out for the building
And is not &c. (Par
Laid

Where are the brave Clergy the true Ch^{ur}
And one only doctrine did ever protest, (pro
And hated th' Idolotry of the Papest.
And is not &c.

Indeed there are some that take a good course
Others there be that drink, whore and curse,
And many Arminians are those that be worse.

And is not, &c.

Lets say no more now of old England,
New England is where old England did stand,
New furnish't, new traded, new women'd, new
And is not, &c. (man'd)

A SONG.

THeir was a Joviall Pedler,
And he cried Cony-skins
And on his back he bore a pack
Wherein was points and pinn's,
Lases and brases and many pretty things.

Hay down hey down.

Hay down down hey dery dery down.
This Pedler never lines,
But still he cries so merry merrily,
Maides have you any Cony-skins

There were two Joviall Sisters,
That in one house did dwell;
The one was called bony Kate,
The other bouncing Nell:
And these two fair maides
Had Cony-skinnes to sell, *hay down.*

Kate pul'd forth her Cony-skinnes,
 From underneath the staires ,
 Twas as black as any grett,
 And never a Silver hair ;
 The Pedler would have fingered it,
 Rather then his cares, *hay down.*

Nell pull'd forth her Cony-skine
 Clean of a nother hue,
 But twas as good as good may be
 And that the Pedler knew,
 The saucy Jack threw down his pack
 And forth his ware he drew ; *Hay down.*

The Pedler he took up his pack
 And gan to go his way,
 The maidens called him back again
 Desiring him to stay ,
 For they would shew him Cony-skinnes
 A white one and a gray, *hay down.*

I pray you fair maids
 To take no fur ther care ,
 For when that I come back again
 I'le give you ware for ware,
 But you have all at this time
 That now I can well spare, *hay down.*

're forty weeks were gon and past,
he maides began to say
What's come of this Pedler
hat used here every day,
fear he hath beguiled us
and run another way, *hay down.*

But now these faire maides
their bellies began to swell,
and where to find the Pedler
slack they could not tell;
then they wish't that all fair maides
No more Coney-skinnes would sell, *hay down.*

Cuckolds all arow.

N
ot long agoe as all along I lay upon my
Twixt sleeping and waking a toy came in my
Which caused me in mind to be my meaning for
(to show
My skill and wit and then I writ, *Cuckolds all arow.*

My thought I heard a man and his wife as they were
 (gathered together)

Being quite void of fear or strife, she thus to him saith
 (did say)

Quoth she sweet heart if thou wilt sport my love while
 (to thee I'll show)

A pretty thing shall make thee sing, *Cuckolds all am I*
 (he said)

Please wife quoth he to her again I am shure thou knowest
 (dost but you)

Although I am cornuted plain, I am no common whoremonger
 (being a ha

Yet every Womans like to thee for ought thou knowest
 (do know)

And every man is like to me, *Cuckolds all am I*
 (nor Clowns of an

There's never a Lord nor Gentleman, nor Citizen in na
 (trey Town Let)

That lives within the City walls or in the Country
 But they may carry abroad with them hornes and

(nere them blow)

For Galants are like other men, *Cuckolds all am I*
 (and so)

The Country prating Lawyer that gets the Div
 (and so)

And pleadeth every Terme time within Westm
 (after H)

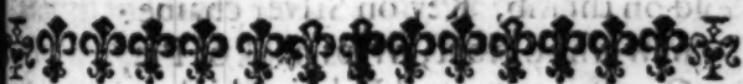
May have his wife in the Country for ought he
 (I do know)

May let his Clients have a fee, *Cuckolds all am I*
 (To C)

the traidsmen of the City now that sells by
 (waite and measure,
 perhaps may weare a horn'd brow for profit or
 (for pleasure,
 Whilst they do sell their wares begin that bears,
 (to brave a show,
 their wives may play at in & in, *Cuckolds all arow.*

The Parson of the parish I hope shall not go
 (free
 whilst he is in his study another man may be,
 handling of his wife perhaps and do the thing
 (you know
 and make him weare his corner cap, *Cuckolds &c.*

if any one offended be and think I do them wrong
 in nameing of a Cuckold, in this my merry Song,
 let him subscribe his name to me and eke his
 (dwelling show,
 and he & I shall soon agree like *Cuckolds all arow.*



The long Vacation.

N^Ow Town-wit saith to witty freind, (pen'd
 Transcribe dear Rogue what thou hast
 for I one journey hold it fit,
 to cry thee up, to Countrey wit,

Our Mules are come, desolve the Club,
 The word till Terme is, rub, oh rub !
 Now gamesters poor, in Cloak of stammel,
 Mounted on Steed as slow as Cammel ;
 Bottom of Crab in luckless hand ,
 Which serves for Bilboe and for Wand ,
 Early in th' morn doth sneak from Town ,
 Lest Kit for rent should cease on Crown .
 One single Crown which he doth keep ,
 When day is done to pray for sleep :
 For he on Journey nought doth eare ,
 Host spies him come, cries Sir what meat ?
 He callies for Rome and down he lies ,
 Quoth Host no supper : he cries ,
 A pox on supper fling on Rug ,
 I'me sick, d'ee heare, yet bring a Jugg ,
 Now Damsel yong that dwells in Cheap ,
 For very joy begins to leap :
 Her Elbow small she often doth rub ,
 Tickl'd with hope of sullybub .
 For Mother old that doth maintaine ,
 Gold on thumb, Key on Silver chaine :
 In Snow white clout, wraps nook of Pie ,
 Fat Capons rump , and Rabbits thigh ;
 And saith to Hackney Coachman go ,
 There's shillings six, say I or no :
 Whether quibth he ? quoth she thy teame
 Must drive to place where groweth Cream .
 But Husband Gray : now comes to stall ,
 And for notcht Prentice he doth call :

Where

Where's Dame quoth he, quoth Son of Shop,
She is gone her cake in milk to sop.

Oh oh to *Islington*, enough :

Call *Tom* my Son, and our dog *Russe*,
For there in pond through mire and muck,
Wee'l cry hey Duck, hey Russe, hey Duck.

Now bawd by mortifing paunch,
'Bates two stone weight on either haunch ;
On Bran and Liver she must dine,
'Cause no man comes to solace Chine :

For Bisket stald to fodder gut.

Makes lye on back the *craving* slut.

The needy whore bids roaring swash,

That pines (in whiskers long) fetch Cash,

Ther's Gown, quoth she : and *Martha's smock*,

And coat that covered *Andrew's* nock :

Speak Broaker faire, and tell him, that

The next *Tetmes* tribute makes us fat.

Now man of warr that wanteth food,

Growes Colerick, and sweareth, 'Sbloud

He sendeth note to man of kin,

But man leaves word, I am not within.

He meets inth' street with freind call'd *Will*,

And cries, you Rogue, what living still ?

But ere that street they quite have past,

He softly askes, what Money ha't ?

Quoth freind a Crown : 'S heart

Thou beast no more ? sweet lend me part.

Now *London Major* in Saddle new,

Rides into faire of *Bartholmew* :

Ho

He twirls his Chain , and looketh big,
As he would fright the head of Pig :
Which gaping lies on greasy stall,
Till female with huge belly call.

Now Alderman in Field doth stand ,
With foot on trig, and quait in hand.
I'me seaven quoth he , the game is up ,
Nothing I pay , and yet I sup .
To Alderman , quoth neighbours then ,
I lost but Mutton , play'd for Hen ;
But wealthy blade cryes out , at rate
Of King shoudl'st play , let's goe , 'tis late .
Now *Levite* that neer Bride-well dock ,
In old blind hook feeds silly flock :
With common course , though spiritual ,
Fit food for blade that works on stall :
These all with solemn Oath agree ,
To meet in Fields of *Finsbury* ,
With loynes in Canvas , Bow-cale ty'd ,
Where Arrowes stick with mickle pride ;
With hat pin'd up , and Bow in hand ,
All day so fiercely there they stand ,
Like Choffs of *Adam* , *Bell* and *Clim* ,
Sol sets for fear they'l shoot at him .

Now Vaulter good , and Dauncing lass
On Roap : and man that cries hey toss ,
And tumbler young that needs but stoop ,
Lay head to heel , and creep through hoop ;
And man that doth in Chest include ,
Old *Sodom* and *Gomora* lewd ;

And

UM

And shews those drabs the sisters two,
That *Lot* debauch'd, then made him doe ;
And *Mau* that while the Puppets play,
Through nose expoundeth what they say :
And *Ape* led Captive still in chaine,
Till he renounce the Pope and *Spain*.
And white Oate eater that doth dwell,
In stable small, at sign of *Bell*.

That lifts up hoof to shew the pranks,
Taught by Magician styled *Bankes*.
These all on hoof now trudge from town,
To cheat poor turnup-eating *Clown*.

Now spinne *Ralph* and *Gregory* small,
And short hair'd *Stephen*, and white fac't *Paul*;
Whose times are out, Indentures torne,
That full seaven years taught them not scorn
To fetch up Coales for maid to use,
Wipe Mistress and children shoo's ;
Hire meager Steeds to ride and see
Their Parents good : who dwell as *beer*
As place cal'd *Peake* in Derby-shire ;
There they alight, old *Croasses* are mild,
Each weeps on Crag of pretty Child :
They portions give, Trades up to set,
That babes may live, serve God and cheat.

Now *Kit* that trusts with weary thighs,
Seeks Garret where small Poet lies :
He comes to room, findes Garret shut,
Then not with knuckle but with foot

He roundly knocks : would enter door,
 The Poet sleeps not, but doth snore.
 Kit chafes like beast of *Libia* then,
 Sweates he'l not come nor send agen.
 With little lump trianguler,
 Straight Poet sighs are heard a farr.
 Quoth he, can't noble numbers choose,
 But walk on foot that have no shooes?
 Then doth he wish with fervent breath,
 As 'twere his last request ere death,
 Each ow'd a Bond, each Madrigall,
 A Lease from *Haberdashers Hall* :
 Or else that he deriv'd had been,
 From Cod of King and nock of Queen,
 For wight enthroned cares, not an Ace
 For Wood-street freind, that *Weeldech Mace*.
 Kings pay no scores but when they list,
 And treasure still hath cramp in fist.

Now wight that acts on stage of Bull,
 In Scullers barke doth lye at *Hull* :
 Which he for pennies two doth rig,
 All day on Thames to bob for Grig ;
 Whilst Pencer poor doth by him stand,
 In old dung Liter hook in hand.
 Between knees rod : with Canvas crib
 To girdle tyed, fast under rib ;
 Where wormes abide, that little Fish,
 betray at night to Earthen dish.

Keer house of Lane by Temple Bar,
 Now man of Mace cares not how far.

In stockings blew) he marcheth on,
With Velvet Cape his Cloak upon,
A Girdle scroule, where name of summe ,
Written down, which he with thumb,
Shoulder left, must safe Convey ,
wing sad wight, with name of Roy .

more Prisoners freind that sees the touch,
Cryes ont, by God I thought as much.

Now Poet small to Globe doth run
And vows to Heaven four acts are done ,
To bring he doth protest :
Tells each aside his part is best :
And all to get as Poets use ,
Minerall in pouch to comfort Muse :
But stay, my frightened Muse is fled ,
My self through fear crept under bed ;
For just as pen would scribble more ,
Fierce City Dun did rap at door .



A SONG.

1.

Pox take you Mistris I'le be gone,
I have freinds to wait upon;
Think you I'le my self confine,
To your humours (Lady mine.)
No, your louring seems to say:
'Tis a rainy drinking day,
To the Taverne I'le away.

2.

There have I a Mistress got,
Cloystered in a Pottle pot:
Brisk and sprightly as thine Eye,
When thy richest glances fly,
Plump AND bounding lively faire,
Bucksome, soft and debonaire:
And she's call'd Sack my DEARE.

3.

Sack's my better Mistris fart,
Sack my onely beauty starre;
Whose rich beames, and glorious raike,
Twinkle in each red rose and face:

Should I all her vertues show,
Thou thy self wouldst love-sick prove,
AND shee'd prove thy Mistress TOO,

4.

She with no dartscorne will blast me,
But upon thy Bed can cast me ;
Yet nere blush her self too red,
Nor fear of loss of Maiden-head :
And she can (the truth to say)
spirits into me convey,
MORE then thou canst take AWAY.

5.

Getting kisses here's no toyle
Here's no Handkerchief to spoile ;
Yet I better Nectar sip,
Then dwel upon thy lip :
And though mute and still she be ,
Quicker wit she brings to me ,
THEN e're I could finde in THEE.

6.

If I go nere think to see ,
Any more a foole of me ;
Ye no liberty up give ,
Nor a Maudlin-like Love live .
No, there's nought shall win me to't
Tis not all thy smiles can do't ,
Nor my Maiden head- to BOOT .

Yet

7.

Yet if thou'lt but take the paine,
TO be good but once againe.
If one smile then call me back,
THOU shalt be that Lady Sack,
Faith but try and thou shalt see,
What a loving Soule I le be,
WHEN I am Drunk with nought but thee.

*The Answer.*

I.

I Pray thee Drunkard get thee gone,
Thy Mistresse Sack doth smell too strong :
Think you I intend to wed,
A sloven to be-piss my bed ?
No, your staining mee's to say,
You have been drinking all this day ,
Goe, begon, away away.

2.

Where you have your Mistress Sack,
Which hath already spoil'd your back,
And methinks should be to hot ,
To be cloyster'd in a pot.
Though you say she is so faire,
So lovely and so debonair,
She is but of a yellow haire.

Sack

UM

3.

ack's awhore which burnes like fire,
 ack consumes and is a dryef;
 and her waies do onely tend
 to bring men unto their end.
 should I all her vices tell,
 her rovings and her swearings fell,
 thou wouldst dam her into Hell.

4.

ack with no durt scornes will blast thee,
 ut upon thy Bed still cast thee:
 and by that impudence doth show,
 hat no vertue she doth know:
 or she will, the truth to say,
 thy body in an hour decay,
 more then I can in a day.

5.

hough for kisses there's no toyle,
 et your body She doth spoile:
 pping Nectar whilst you sit,
 he doth quire besot your wit:
 hough she is mute shee'll make you loud:
 rawl and fight in every crowd,
 hen your reason she doth clould.

6.

Nor do thou ever look to see,
 Any more a smile from me,
 I'le no liberty, nor signe,
 Which I truely may call mine.
 No, no slight shall win me so'e,
 'Tis not all thy parts can do'e,
 Thy Person nor thy Land to boot,

7.

Yet if thou wilt take the paine,
 To be Sober once again,
 And but make much of my back,
 I will be in stead of Sack.
 Faith but try, and thou shal see,
 What a loving Soul I'le be,
 When thou art drunk with nought but me.



I Had a Love and she was chaste,
 Alack the more's the pity,
 But wot you how my Love was chaste,
 She was chaste quite through the City.

Upon a Priest that lyes buried in Wells.

A Priest there was of Wellis,
Where was tinkled a great many Bellies,
And in concordance,
He plaid well on the Organce :
And he was an excellent singer,
And in the world not such a ringer.

A SONG.

VV Hen Vertue was a Country maid,
And had no skill to set up trades,
Was brought to Town by a Carriers jade,
That stood at rack and manger :
She took her Whisse, she drank her Can,
The Pipe was nere out of her span,
She married a Tobacco man,
A stranger.

She set up a Shop in Honeylane,
Whereto the flies did flock amaine,
Some flew from France and some from Spaine,
Brought by the English Pander.
But when the Honey pot grew dry,
And Winter came, the Flies mult dye :
Her Husband he was forst to flie
From Flanders.

S^t C^h R^o M^o P^o F^o S^t C^h R^o M^o P^o F^o

T^o A^u S^o L^o R^o W^o T^o A^u S^o L^o R^o W^o

*A Scholers answer to one that sent to borrow
his Horse.*

Right Worshipfull *Frank*,
 I humbly thee thank,
 For the kindness received of late,
 Ingratitude sure I cannot indure,
 'Tis a vice that I utterly hate.
 I hear you provide a journey to ride,
 If any would lend you a *Gennir*.
 I protest before God, mine's all gone abroad,
 And won't be at home this sennight.
 But yet my kind *Francis*, if that it so chances,
 That a Horse you needs must hire,
 If your business be hasty, I'le lend you my *Mall*,
 To carry you out of the mire.
 'Tis a dainty fine cur,
 You need not him spur,
 If you his conditions but knew,
 For hee'l prance and hee'l gape,
 When he carries my *Ape*,
 Much more when he carries you.



A SONG.

1.
 There was an old Lad, rode on an old Pad,
 Unto an old punk a woing ;
 He laid the old punk, upon an old trunk,
 Oh there was good old doing.

2.
 There was an old maid, scarce sweet as they said,
 In a place I dare not make mention,
 She in an old humour lay with a Perfumer,
 Oh there was a sweet invention.

3.
 The Punk and the Maid, they swear & they said,
 That Marriage was setvility ;
 If Marry you must, for changing of Lust,
 Oh well fare a trick of nullity.

4.
 There was a mad man did study to frame a
 Device, to draw up a prespuce,
 She drew up so narrow, a Cat might go through,
 Oh there was a slender slice.

5.
Her Earle did appoint her, she said, such a J^t his f
As was of no vallidity C^t
Above twise in a Night, he did her no right,
Oh there was a strange frigidity.

6.
But when as her Earle had another girle,
His wimble did pierce her flanke,
His Nag prov'd able, by changing of stable,
Oh there was a quod ad hanc.

7.
This dame was inspected, by fraud interjected
A maid of more perfection, (held the cand
Whom the Midwives did handle, while the K^t
Oh there was a clear inspection.

8.
Now as forraign writers, cry out of their mis
That allow this for a virginity,
And talke of Election, and waul of Election;
Oh there was a sound Divinity.

9.
There was a young Lord assument on his word,
That he would be a Parliament maker,
But see how things alter, he assume d a halter,
Oh there was an undertaker,

10.
He had a sweet freind, which he did commend,
To the keeping of sweet Sir I^r Arvis,
They gave him a Clister, made his belly so bliste^d and p
Oh there was a sweet piece of service.

his freind he denied, and would not abide.
A Marrige that so would sharpe us,
between this sweet Matron, & this grave Patron;
Oh Patron of Ignoramus.

Now Weston and Henn, and Turner do turn,
And say that this plot was fraude, (measurc,
hefe may say their pleasure, some think hard
Oh knaves, and Punkes, and Bawds.

A SONG.

Hou Shephard whose intentive eye,
On every Lambe is such a spic ;
No willy foe can make them lesse
Where may I find my Sheaperdes.

A little pausing then said he,
How can this Jewel stay from thee?
In summers heat in winters cold,
thought thy brest had been her folde.

It is indeed the constant place,
Wherein my thoughts still see her face,
And print her Image in my heart,
But yet my fond eyes crave a part,

With that he smiling said I might,
Of *Clarice* party have a sight,
And some of her perfections meet,
In every flower that's fresh and sweet.

That growing Lilly weares her skin,
The Violet her blew veines within,
The Damaske Rose now blown and spread;
Her sweeter cheeks her lips as red.

The winds that wanton with the Spring,
Such Odors as her breathings bring
But the resemblance of her eyes
Was never found beneath the skies.

Her charming voice who strives to fit
His object must be higher yet,
For Heavens Earth and all we see
Disperst collected is but she.

A maide at this discourse methoughts,
Love, both ambition in me wrought
And made me covet to ingross
A wealth, would prove a publick loss.

With that I fighth, ashamed to see,
Such worth in her, such want in mee;
Closing both mine eyes forbidd
The world my sight since she was hid.

A Song.

To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

I.

M Y masters and friends, and good people
(draw near,

And look to your Purses, for that I do say ;
And though little mony in them you do wear,
It cost more to ger, than to lose in a day :

You oft have been told,

Both the young and the old,
And bidden beware of the Cut-purse so bold.
Then if you take heed not, free me from this

Who both give you warning for , and she
(curse,

(Cut-purse;
Youth, youth, thou hadst better been strow'd by thy
(Nurse,

Then live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

2.

It hath been upbraided to men of my Trade,
 That oft-times we are the cause of this crime,
 Alack and for pity, why should it be said ?
 As if they regarded on places or time :

Examples have been

Of some that were seen

In Westminster Hall, yea the Pleaders between,
 Then why should the Judges be free from this

(curse,

More than my poor self for cutting the purse?

Tonst, youth, &c.

At Worcester 'tis known well, and even i'ch' Jay,
 A Kt. of good worth did there shew his face,
 Against the frail sinner in rage for to rail,
 And lost (*ipso facto*) his purse in the place;
 Nay ev'n from the seat
 Of Judgment so great,
 A Judge there did lose a fair purse of Veler;
 O Lord for thy mercy how wicked or worse,
 Are those that so venture their necks for a purse
 Tonst, youth, &c.

4.

At Playes and at Sermons, and at the Sessions,
 'Tis daily their practice such booty to make;
 Yea under the Gallows, at Executions,
 They stick not, they stare abhor purpos to take;

Nay one without Grace,

At a better place, ~~out~~ ^{out} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~I~~ ^I face.

At Court and in Christmas before the Kings
 Alack then for pity, must I bear the curse,
 That onely belong to the cunning Cut-purse?

Youth, youth, &c.

5.

But, O you vile nation of Cut-purses all,
 Relent and repent, and amend and be sound,
 And know that you ought not by honest meane
 To advance your own fortunes, to dye above
 And though you go gay, ^{(fall,}
 In Silks as you may, ^{ground,}

It is not the high-way to Heaven (as they say.)
 Repent then, repent you, for better, for worse,
 And kiss not the Gallows for cutting a purse.
 Youth, youth, thou hadst better been serv'd by thy
 Then live to be hanged for cutting a purse. (nurse,

To the Tune of
I wail in wo, I plunge in pain:
 OR
LADY AND LADY fitter.

Verse I.

IN Cheapside famous for Gold and Plate,
 Quicksilver I did dwell offlate :
 I had a master good and kind,
 That would have wrought me to his mind ;
 He bade me still work upon that,
 But alas ! I wrought I knew not what :
 He was a Touch-stone black but true,
 And told me still what would ensue ;
 Yet wo is me, I would not learn,
 I saw alas ! but could nor discern.

Var

Verse 2.

I cast my Coat and Cap away,
I went in Silks and Satins gay;
False metal of good manners I,
Did daily coyne unlawfully.
I scorn'd my master being drunk,
I kept my Gelding and my Punk,
And with a Knight, Sir Flash by name,
Who now is sorry for the same.

Verse 3.

Still Eastward-Hoe was all my word,
But Westward I had no regard,
Nor ever thought what should come after,
As did, alas ! his youngest Daughter.
At last the black Ox trod on my foot,
I saw then what belong'd unto it ; as mad
Now cry I, Touch-stone, touch me still,
And make me current by thy skill.

Verse 4.

O Manington thy stories show,
 Thou cut't a Horse head off at a blow,
 But I confess I have not the force,
 For to cut off the head of a Horse.
 Yet I desire this grace to win,
 That I may cut off the Horse head off sin,
 And leave his body in the dust
 Of sins high-way, and bogs of lust?
 Whereby I may take Vertue's purse,
 And live with her for better for worse.

Verse 5.

Farewel Cheapside, farewell sweet Trade,
 Of Goldsmiths all that never shall fade.
 Farewel dear Fellow-prentices all,
 And be you warned by my fall.
 Shun Usurer's bonds, and Dice, and Drabs,
 Avoid them as you would French scabs.
 Seek not to go beyond your teacher,
 And cut your thongs unto your leather:
 So shall you thrive by little and little,
 Scape Tyburn, Counters, and the Spittle.

A Song.

L Adies here I do present you
 L With a dainty dish of fruit,
 The first it was a Poplin Pear,
 'Twas all the fruit the tree did bear
 You need not pare it any whir,
 But put it all in at a bit;
 And being let a while to lye,
 Twill melt, twill melt, twill melt most plea-
 The next in order you shall have
 A rich Potata and a brave,
 Which being laid unto the fire,
 God Cupid kindles to donte;
 For when 'tis baste, with little cost,
 Twill baste it self when it is tost; but neyght
 It needs no sugar nor no spice,
 Twill please a stomach neare so nice,
 Twill make a maid at midnight cry, (santly.)
 It comes, it comes, it comes, it comes most plea-

The new by lot as doth befall,
 Is two handfuls of Roundefalls ;
 Which *Priamus* the Garden god
 Made *Venus* eat within the Cod :
 You must not prune too much at first,
 For if you do tears out will burst,
 And being let a while to lye, (most prettily,
 'Twill drop, 'twill drop, 'twill drop,

The best of things in all the land,
 You shall have *Mars* his onely wand,
 Protecting of that pretty flower,
 Which comes and goes in half an hour,
 The flowers of vertue that do grow,
 Because they'll please all women so :
 But when *Mars* draws back his wand,
 It lies, it lies, it lies, and chies, and canfor (that

Upon the Burning of a Petty School.

WHAT heat of Learning kindled your desire
 You cursed Ions to set your house on

What

What love of honour shoult breifs did turn
 Those sparks of fury into flames to burn? E
 Or was't some higher cause? were the hot gods
 Phœbus and Vulcan cold friends now at odds? G

: edmund laulauid stot valleyn (insent)
 What er' the Cause was, I sorely ill wets the
 When ill he muses justify my lament; H
 But above all for names sake Polyhymy
 Bewails the downfall of that learned Chimny,
 Where you might see without or wit or sense
 Lay the sad ashes of an accident. (go,

What numbers hote vs Mollins to wrack did
 As Domus, Liber, and as many moe,
 In woful case, plesse ther flames did spake I
 Each gender in his loss had common share.
 There might yow see the woful declination H
 Of 15. Pronouns and 4. Conjugations! O
 Some Gerunds Di, but some Do overcome,

And some with heat and smoke were quide. A
 Supines lay gaſting upwards void of sinnes y 21.
 The moods were madreſſe imperfecteſſes. A
Adverbs of place threw down their lofty stories
 As ubi, ibi, iti, ubi, fide, (der.)
 Conjugations so disjoyn as you would i wond T
 No coupling scarce but it was born a ſunder. I
 The Präpositions knew nowhere to be, O 210
 Each Interjection cry'd Heu! woe is me.

For the due joyning of the things againts y 202
 A Neighbour call'd qui hui coines ahdain; 202

Else

Else sure the fire had in flames so turn'd!
 Gods, Men, Months, Rivers, Winds, and all had
 abog god all now & alredy boidgild smot burn'd.
 Now gan the flames the Heteractisē to number,
 And poor supplex lost his plural number:
 Of verbs scarce had escap'd nine of twenty,
 Had there not been by chance ~~an impulsion~~

T. R. Rods



Upon the fall of Ryuebeck Bridge.

Helpe help you undemakers all,
 Whose purses are the stronger; i
 Our bridge the falling-ficknesse hath,
 For it can stand no longer.

And come you cruel Watermen,
 And lend your help to th' towng; i
 Its you I doubt that shou're the bridge; y
 And so have thrown it down.

What was the cause of this mischance?
 There is a great confusio
 I saw by the water that he was
 Of a Crazy constitution;

Some say th' enlarging of the streames
 Strook up the bridges heels.

It was too much strong watet surfe
That made him drunk and reel.

And some do say, he fell because
His feet had no good landing :
I facher think the blockhead fell
For want of understanding.

Although our Country suffer losse

And at this downfall grudges,
It was the upstart-sluce that pur
Our aged bridge to's Crutches.

The Lords will have it built again
Much longer then the other is
Introch I think it will be long
Ere we have such another.

There's no man can suppose
The Dutch man doubtcs the Lords do mean
To make a bridge of's nose.

And some do say that Mr. Day
Will give to it ten pound,
But he reply'd (by word of h) they lyed,
He had rather see them drown'd,

But let not Wisbeck be dismayd,
Nor ar this losse complain;

For

For though our bridge is Bankruppe be
VVe'll set him agayne.

St. Ives in the County of Camb.
A tributal boog on bat 1514.

Upon the fall of the Miter in Cambridge.

Lament Lament your scholars all,
Each wear his blackest gowne;
The miter that upheld your might and bigne
Is now it self fallen down.
The dismal fire on London bridge
Can move no heart of mine; but
For that but ore the water floodes I shal
But this stood ore the wynes dale swad ewe
It needs must melt each Christians heart
That this sad newt but heare, and haue
To see how the post hoggs heads wopt
Good Sack and Clares deare, whiche dothe
The zealous students of that place
Change of Religion fear,
That this mischance may soon bring in
The Heresie of Beer,
Unhappy miter I would knowyd
The cause of thy sad hap;
VVas it for making leggs too low
To Pembroke Cardinals cap
Then know thy self; and cringe no more.

Since

Since Popery went down,
That cap should vaile to thee, for now
The miter's next the Crown.
Or was't because our company
Did not frequent the Cell
As we were wont, to drown these cares,
Thou fox'd thy self and fell?
No sure the Devil was adry
And caus'd this fatal blow;
Twas he that made this celler sink
That he might drink below;
And some say the Devil did it
'Cause he would drink up all,
I rather think the Pope was drunk
And let his miter fall.
Poor Commoners to your great disgrace
You want of skill acknowledge
To let a Tavern fall that stood
O'er' walls of your own Colledge.
The Rose now withers, Falcon moules,
Sylphite Sam enjoys his wishes
The Dolphin now must cast his Crown,
Vine was not made for fishes.
This sign a Tavern best becomes,
To shew who loves it best,
The miter is the onely sign,
For 'tis the Schellers crest.
Thou Sam drink Sack and chear thy self
Be not dismay'd at all
For we will drink it up again.

Though

Though we do catch the fall,
 Weel be thy workmen day and night
 In spite of Bug bear Proctors
 We drank like Frenchmen all before,
 But now we'll drink like Doctors.

T.R.



A match at Cock-fighting.

Goe you tame Gallants, you that have
 And would accounted be cocks of the
 That have brave spurs to shew for't, and can
 And count all dunghill breed that cannot shew
 Such painted plumes as yours, that thinkt no vitt
 With cock-like lust to tread your cockatrice;

Though Peacocks, Woodcocks, Weathercocks
 If y're no fighting cocks y're not for me.
 I of two feathered combatants will write;
 He that to th' life means to express their fight,

Must make his In the blood which they did
 And from their dying wings borrow his quill:

No

No sooner was the doubtfull people set,
The matches made, and all that would had bet;
But straight the skilful Judges of the play
Bring forth their sharp-heel'd warriours, and
Were both in linnen bags, as if 'twas meet,
Before they die to have had their winding
With that i'th' pit they're put, and when they
(they
(sheer.
(were

Both on their feet, the Norfolk Chanteclear
Looks stoutly on his ne're before seen foe,
And like a challenger begins to crow,
And shake his wings, as that he did display
His warlike colours, which were black and
(gray;
Meane while the wary Wisbech walks and
(breaths,
His active body and in fury wreathes
His comely crest, and often looking down
He whets his angry beake upon the ground.
With that they meet, not like that coward breed
Of Esope; these can better fight then feed.
They scorn the dunghil, 'tis their onely prize
To dig for Pearls in each others eyes;
They fought so long that it was hard to know,
To th' skilful whether they did fight or no;
Had not the bloud which died the fatal floor,
Borne witnesse of it, yet they fight the more,

As

As that each wound were but a spur to prick
 Their fury forward, lightning not more quick
 Nor red then were their eyes ; 'tis hard to know
 Whether it was bloud or anger made them so
 And sure they had been out, had they not stood
 More safe by being fenced in with bloud :
 But still they fight ; But now alas at length,
 Although their courage be full ry'd, their

(strength)

And bloud began to Ebbe, you that have seen
 A water combate on the Sea between
 Two angry boyling billowes, how
 They march and meet, and dash their cur-

(browns)

Swelling like graves, as though they did intend
 To intome each other ere the quarrel end :
 But when the wind is down, and blustering wa-

(the)

They are made friends, and sweetly run to-

(the)

Methinks these Champions such, their wings

(grown long)

And they which leapt even now, now scarce can

(and)

Their wings which lately at each blow did

(clap)

As if they did applaud themselves, they flap ;
 And having lost the advantage of the heel,
 Drunk with each others bloud they onely re-

(From their)

From both their eyes such drops of bloud did
fall,

As if they wept them for their funeral :

And yet they fain would fight , they come so
As if they meant into each others care, (neer
To whisper death, and when they cannot rise,
They lie and look blowes into each others
(eyes :

But now the tragick part after the fight,

VVhen Norfolk cock had got the best of it,

And Wisbitch lay a dying, so that none

Though sober but might venter seven to one,

Contracting like a dying taper all

His force, as meaning with that blow to fall,

He struggles up, and having taken wind,

Ventures a blow and strikes the other blind.

And now poor Norfolk having lost his eyes,

Fights onely guided by antipathies ;

VVith him (alas) the Proverb holds too true,

The blowes his eyes nere saw his heart must

(rue :

At length by chance, he stumbling on his foe,

Not having any strength to deal a blow ;

He falls upon him with a wounded head , ,

And made the conquerours wings his feather

(bed :

VVhere lying sick, his friends were very cha-

(ry

Of him, and fetcht in haste the' apothecary :

But still in vain, his body doth so blister,

That is not capable of any glister ;

Where-

Wherefore at last opening his fainting bill,
He call'd a Scrivener, and thus made his Will.

In primis. Let it never be forgot,
My body freely I bequeath to th' pot,
Decently to be boild, and for its Tomb,
Let it be buried in some hungry womb.

Items. Executor I will have none,
But he that on my side laid seven to one :
And like a Gentleman that he may live,
To him and to my heirs my Comb I give ;
Together with my brains, that all may know
That oftentimes his brains do use to crow.

Items. Its my will to those weaker ones,
Whose wives complain of them , I give (stones.)

To him that's dull I do my spurs impart,
And to the Coward I bequeath my heart
To Ladies that are light it is my will,
My feathers should be given ; and for my bill,
I'de give to'a Taylor, but its so short,
That I'm afraid he'l rather curse me for't.
And for the worthy Doctors, they who meant
To give me a Glister, let my Rump be sent
Lastly, because I feel my life decay,
I yield and give to *Wisbech* cock the day.

T. R.

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Clear is the air, and the morning is fair
 Fellow Huntsman come wind your horn ;
 Sweet is the breath, and fresh is the earth,
 That does melt the rinde from the thorn :
 The flowers wax bright with *Apollo's* light,
 Newly sprung from the Ocean Queen ;
 Where on a forest plain, may be seen a brave
 Right fit of a Prince to be seen. (game,

Fourteen couple truly counted, of hounds both
 good and crasy,
 And a troop of horsemen bravely mounted of
 coursers swift and lusty ;
 Of Huntsmen so right, that clear were of sight,
 to shew the delight, the delight,
 So hoe, hoe ; so hoe, &c. there she sits.

Then Coridon was frightened, his lambs they were
 so parted,
 To hear how they did shout, they hollow'd, and
 they hoopt,

—Whilst war before them started.

With hallo, hallo, hallo, hallo, hallo, hallo, with
 a hallo, cryed the louder ;
 The earth ne're base a braver Hare, that ran more
 strong and prouder.

Swift as a Roe she fairly hunts o're mountains,
hills and dales,

O're meadows, pastures, and o're fields, o're
layes and under rayles;

And then unto the hunt she gets, she winds the
furts and Plain,

And here and there she runs six miles before she
turns again.

There might you see proud *Strawberry* run soan-
ing hard to hold,

And *Peggabrigge* with all her tricks, 'tis pity she
e're was old :

Robin-red-breast and *Shotten-herring* amidst the
joyial crew,

Did top the hounds upon the Downs whilst *Wat*
was in their view.

Hark how the hounds, & the horns & the horns
& the hounds, & the hunesmen loud do hollow,
Whilst *Wat* with nimble feet doth trip o're the
Downs, o're the Downs, in all her follow :

But *Wat* at the length shew'd them such a trick,
That she made them all to stand and to stick,
And to cry, *Joler, Joler, so hoe, &c. Joler there,*

So many men so many minds, so many dogs so
many kinds :

Some stood staring at the head, and some said she
was forward fled:

But one amongst them all, of judgment small,
In faith he knew that she was dead ;

For a Shepherd crost the fields with his dog at his
That swore gods-nigs her blood was spilt. (heels,

Juno then came back again, and compasse wide
did go-a,

To see if she could hit, and sit in the lands that
lay below-a,

There she try'd, and out she cry'd with mouth
full deep and sweet-a,

Which made them all on her to call, whilst Wat
away did creep-a,

Hark there Juno, Juno, so ho, so ho, &c. Juno there.

See, see, see where she goes, how she turns over,

Juno and Jupiter, Tinker and Trooler,

Sing-well and Merry-boy, Captain and Cryer,

Gingwell and Gingle-bell, Fair-maid and Frier,

Beauty and Bonny-lass, Tanner and Trouncer,

Famer and Forrester, Bomber and Bouncer,

Gander and Gondemore, Toler and Jumper,

Tarquine and Tamberlain, Thunder and Thumper.

Over the mountains, and under the vales,

Over the fountains, and under the tails,

Through the woods that are the thickest,

Which the Silvans obey,

O're the dikes that are the deepest,

Puss will find out the way.

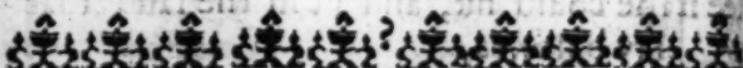
But Wat grew faint and spent well nigh,

A little ease for charity. (breath,

Stop the dogs, stay the hounds, give her more

We will see all her tricks before her death.

But ~~Wat~~ grew faint and could no longer run,
 Her strength was spent, her life was almost done;
 And sitting down she sighing seem'd to say,
 Those whom I trusted did my trust betray,



On the praise of Fat Men.

LO, precious Rules are here made common,
 For health of either man or woman,
 If thou fat mortal fain wouldst be,
 With cheeks so plump for eyes to see :
 Know feeding hard, and drinking much,
 With sleeping long, will make you such,
 Cram thou until thou farest at table,
 'Twill make thee fat as Jade i' th' stable.
 If thou thy Buttocks would have spread,
 Sit long after thou hast well fed ;
 'Twill make the Hanches large to grow,
 Through gown or breeches making show.
 If thou thy flesh wilt hold together,
 Walk not though it be fair weather ;
 All exercise forbear, for that
 But wastes and melts away the fat,
 You see when Bores for Brawn we feed,
 That they're pend up in sligh indeed.
 Which makes their fat more firm and hard,
 Than is the greatest Bacon lard :
 So you the Dining-room may keep,

To eat and drink in, shite and sleep.
Your wiser Germans fit at meals
So long till it runs down their heels,
Nor do they think it any scorn;
For what o'reflows, their rooms adorn.

In camp you may find out his tent
From other Nations by the sent;
For there the Pakings up of Rennish,
Disturbs no stomach that is squeamish.

To eat and drink, to shite and spue,
Is custom old, no fashion new.
Your pills and potions are poor things
To those more natural scowerings;

To see a mortal with large pode
Disburden Colon of his load;

Or see one which eat apple-pye,
Till she hath need to let it flye,
Doth shew that all is right within,
That sends forth pudding without skin,
These are the natural conies that shew
The feeding bodies ebbe and flow.

For in the microcosm we
All changes of the great world see,
Let hungry wight forbear a meal,
It makes him look like flinked Veal;
His belly thinks his throat is cut,
And cramp begins to wring his gut;
He looketh blew under the eyes,
And guts do wolf-like trade thit lies
In watry dike in Springs beginning;

Then have a care of empty sinning ;
 You never shall answer half so much
 To fill, as he shall that doth grutch
 To stuff his chitterlings so well,
 That they no tales of fasting tell,
 I heard rich mortal had a pig
 A present sent to him so big
 That he to eat it was unwilling,
 But strived to sell it for five shilling,
 The pig was sent him with the taile,
 But in the market that must fail,
 For there the mortal would not send it
 But in his family would spend it;
 But bad his man to have a care
 To sel't where he might have his share,
 The body of the pig was sold
 But powdring tub the tail did hold ;
 The powdring tub which had not seen
 So much as rump of goose so green
 In twice ten year (tub true to say)
 Would well have serv'd late priests to pray,
 Such as from Coblers stalls have crept,
 And in obedience Sisters kept.
 Their members all with due are spred
 To rub and chafe when they're in bed.
 For after exercise in tub
 Their sisters cause their Priests to rub
 That they their teachers might restore
 For doctrine given in before,
 But leaving brother to expound

Dark place and mystery profound,
I now intend to bend discourse
To mortal fat as pampered horse.
They commonly that are so fat
No parents are of wicked plot.
Alas they onely do take care
To keep their ribs from being bare,
And that is done by exercise
Of little bones beneath their eyes,
Bones that will trundle a whole mile
VWhile all the body rests the while ;
Yet we have fools within our Nation
Let strangers pull them out for fashion,
Bones unto men of precious use,
That squeeze all fat, all ripe to juyce,
That man that truly loves his belly,
To part with them is loth I tell ye ;
He doth as highsy prize those bones,
As Ladies do those precious stones
VWhich nature made not to adorn her
So much as please her in a corner,
These bones in English have name
VWhich mounseurs raised have to fame.
A singe one is called a tooth
From whence tooth-drawer comes forsooth,
But of tooth-drawers pray know this
The French the most esteemed is ;
He doth as much by touch of finger
As figures do for figure flinger.
But all the learned know that they

Do^c

Do but pretend to what they say,
 Your French-Tooth-drawer if you observe
 Looks as if he himself did serve
 To fat his horse, which drew as much
 As mouniers self doth by the touch ;
 For mouniers horse whose hoofes are horns
 While he cures Teeth the Jade cures Cornes.
 I see a Porter who stood by
 To see mounier draw's mouth awry
 And pull from well-grown Butchers gum
 A hollow Tooth bigger then's thumb ;
 A Tooth Ile warrant in time hath ground
 Of fly-blown beef, many a pound ;
 A Tooth had some well-minded Glutton
 But such a phang he'd tie the mutton ;
 Porter that stood this sight to see
 Had come on too most certainly,
 The mouniers horse as if jade knew
 The malady which on toe grew,
 Removed his foot and set it down
 Upon the toe of glazing clown ;
 Porter at tread of horse did squeak,
 But jade had gin his corn a tweak.
 Just as the Butchers money paid,
 The Porters cure of corn was made ;
 He needs must be rid of his corn,
 For toe from his foot was torn.
 When Porter begins to complain,
 Mounier to spur his horse was fain,
 So rides away, sans all remorse,

Bidding the Porter kisse his arse.

Porter was lame, and could not follow,
But aloud begins to hollow;

But we leave Porter for to howle,
Till we return to our fat soul;

For this is quite against profession
Of mine to make so large digestion.

But now, for rules before we eat,
And how to chuse right battning meat,
For spoon-meat, barley-broth and jelly,
Very good is for the belly.

For mornings draught your north-down-ale

Will make you oylyly as a Whale;

But he that will not out flesh wit

Must at the good Canary sit;

For 'tis a saying very fine

Give me the fat mans wit in wine:

For he's as merry as wean'ling Pig

That to the Hogg's-trough dances Jig.

Your beef, your pork, your veal, your mutton

So it be good as knife ere cut on;

Your pigs, your capons, turkies, conies,

Your feeding wight thinks worth his monies;

But he whose longings to grow thicker,

Must mingle with good meat good liquor.

Your Brawn wash't down with muskadine,

Will make your cheeks look plump and fine;

If you would have a double chin

Drink no small beer, for that's too thin:

For he that means to feed his chops high,

Apt is to fall into a Dropsie.

Therefore your high rich wines are fit

T'augment the flesh and help the wit :

'Twill make the buttocks firm as brawn,

And skin as pure white as Lawne.

Turn haunches up with Lady fine,

And thy fat arse shall hers out-shine.

Feeding and drinking, smooths the skin,

And makes the plump one moist within.

VVho feeds at Vespers and at Mattins

Their skins as smooth and white as Sartins

Nere dyed ; but weand from the pure Silk

Of the dead worm (whiter) then Milk.

As I of feeding much do treat,

So rules I render after meat.

VVhen thou from a full meal dost rise,

Scumme and Urine if tho'rt wise :

Then pipe of right Varinas take,

For that doth swift digestion make.

Then seat thy self in a great chair,

And thing call'd catling do forbear ;

So shall you fall into sweet nap,

Shall ease the burthen of your lap :

That you no sooner shall awake,

But you another meal may take ;

Or have at least when you do rise

Passage for dung between your thighs.

Another precious rule scarce thought on

By no means here must be forgotten ;

All vermine which in bed doth creep,

From thighs and privy members keep ;
 For they are creatures break the rest,
 And make men sleep when they should feast ;
 Leaving untouched a wholesome cony,
 Which sweeter is to man than money.
 Take woman fat, with a black hair,
 With colour red, and skin that's fair ;
 And turn her up, and you shall see
 Such a strong contrariety,
 Of her white thigh and curled black ;
 That bordereth about her knack
 Shall please the skilful eye to see
 Of hues, such rare variety ;
 For there is black, and blew, and white,
 Ordained for young mans delight.
 I could speak more in praise of these
 Strong harbours for fat crabs and fleas ;
 But I must turn and wind my story
 To those by feeding gain their glory.
 And now should I all wild fowle name,
 That add to lusty manchers frame ;
 I dazle should the readers eye
 To view the name of fowle that fly ;
 I will not write of Hern or Bittern
 VVhose claw transcends goose-quill or sittorn ;
 Nor of the partridge, nor the pheasant,
 Meat scarcely known to chops of peasant ;
 Nor of the woodcock, nor the widgeon,
 Nor the often billing pigeon.
 Nor of the lark, nor the cock-sparrow
 VVhose

Whose mettle melts away his marrow.
I shall want room to write of fish,
Which often is the fat mans dish ;
Of which the sturgeon and the oyster
That moveth holy Nun in Cloyster,
And maketh oftentimes aged Fryar
A little of that same desire.
Oysters are of strong operation,
Known to both Sexes of our Nation ;
They're fishes of such rare perfection,
That they in flesh make an erection ;
And give to mouths want teeth such strength
That they'll devour a whole yards length ;
Such is keen appetite of hick,
Although it be a handfull thick.
I must not dwell on watry theame,
For fear I'm thought too full of phlegme ;
But now I something have to say,
Of food that helps natures decay ;
Of which the food springs from the earth
Sures best to those of humane birth,
In Indies Eastern occident,
There's fruits that give the taffe content,
Some that have travelled speak of Planton,
It makes men lusty, women wonton ;
But I believe our English skerrit
To man or woman adds more spirit,
But this is clearly my opinion,
There breeds more sperme of leek and onion,
Some windy roots we have that syall

The belly much, helps nere a dell
 To procreation, but they
 We mean to cast out of our way :
 Of which the turnip and the carot
 Will make some speak like Jay or Parrot.
 It was the judgement of wife *Cato*,
 That Parsnip did transcend Potato ;
 He swears that Parsnip more doth merit
 Then the aringo or the skerit :
 And yet the aringo we do see
 Our Ladies much perperually,
 Which out of fellow-feeling they,
 Do to resist, and to obey.

Johannes de temporibus
 Who liv'd as long as three of us ;
 His dyet much was on the Parsnip,
 And he did love to give white arsnip :
 In commendations of that root,
 Said it made him oftentimes go rot.
 A modern writer, to the glory
 Of this brave root tells this true story ;
 Which if our Ladyes will not eat,
 Will serve to do anotherfeat.

The story was of a swart Spaniard
 Who seldom had a pendent whinyard ;
 But every night did claper-claw
 His wife, that she was almost raw.
 She was so sore and full of pain,
 That she was forced to complain.
 The learned Judges of the Land

Desir'd to take each thing in hand :
 But when the Judges understood,
 The matter was of flesh and bloud ;
 They for the learned Doctors call,
 Who straight appear'd in place call'd Hall :
 Woman that brought her husband thither,
 And was sore in mouth call'd nether
 Did blush to see the man in gown,
 Fearing the tale would through the town ;
 Which shortly afterwards it did,
 For which the woman oft was chid.
 The Doctors gravely, and in quiet,
 Ask't him of his usual dyet :
 He told them Parsnips was the meat
 VVhich he most usually did eat ;
 By which conjectur'd 'tis by all,
 No root is more spermatrical.
 But now to ease his sore wives pain,
 A month these roots he must refrain ;
 VVhich willingly my stout Don did,
 And changing food lay still in bed :
 But she before the month had end
 Presented Parsnips to her friend ;
 And then he fell to wented work
 As feirce as a broad sholdred Turk.
 Since Parsnips such a batning thing
 That makes both man and woman cling,
 And stick as fast to one another
 As glued boards, why then plump brother
 Eschew not this so lusty food,
 Which both for flesh and pleasures good.

Some slight the valour of the fat,
And say they're good for nought but chat :
But I a story will unfold,
Shall speak them hardy, stout and bold.
Fat mortal into market comes,
And spyeid fat Eeles would oyle his gumms ;
Then straight he hath a longing wish,
To have those fat Eeles in his dish.
So to the greeſie wife that sold 'um,
And on her short fat knees did hold 'um :
He askt the price with greedy ſenſe,
She grapple wench ſaid Eighteen pence :
He in deriſion offered three ;
So quarrel 'ween them grew to be.
The peremptory Jade did rail,
Her words did bruise like blows of flail ;
But Pothecary having mettle,
Removed her arſe from off the ſettle :
And made the whore that ſold the Eele,
The wait of hand on bare arſe feel ;
For he in market call'd *Cheapside*,
Smote her blind face, sans nose, mouth-wide
Belong'd to thofe unwashed cheeks,
Where gardner might have planted leeks :
But one thing more vexs Pothecary,
To ſee the Fish-wives arſe ſo hairy.
But having thus his buſineſſ done,
Set down, the ſcold away did run :
She to revenge this foul diſgrace,
Runs ſcolding after him apace.

Poor man affrighted with the din,
Beshit himself for fear of quean.
The lane was narrow where he went,
He stunk like alderman in tent ;
The jade which seldom us'd to smell,
But what from her own bunghole fell ;
Left off the chace, it was so strong,
And so returned with the wrong.
And so I leave her to the scorn
Of those at Billinggate, duckt each morn ;
This for Land-service, which doth show
Fat men their teeth for valour owe.
Now for their sea, of which I'll speak,
What shall not shew their valour weak ;
As horses in storm a ship doth poise,
By his resisting waves that rise ;
Let no fond man the truth deride,
For horse doth make to th' rising tide :
So fat mans bunghole being open,
Keeps sailors all from being a slopen.
He stench abundant forth doth send,
Making each boy stand to ropes end ;
By which we finde it requisite
Fat men aboard in storm do shite.
He that at fun lets out a peck
Is a prime man to scour a deck :
Now for your female valour I
Some rare examples shalt descry,
Let us look ore the water there,
Where guts are carryed to the bear ;

I mean that *London* spoyleing burrough,
Which you to *Kent* must tide clean thorough
Those that so treacherously let in
Such mortals as make wealth a sin ;
Which for their service late so rare,
Shall have an asse for their new mayor ;
But for the masters of their state
In this discourse, I'le not relate :
The wenches with broad haunches I
Intend in this place to descry ;
Such whose large podes do roar as loud
As wind doth in a tall ships shroud ;
Their blasts are such as you wish wonder,
If not beheld, would swear were thunder,
But when they rain and blow together,
You never heard such stormy weather,
Such as will fright the wondring sense,
And to the *Nasus* give offence.
For like the touchhole of a gun,
The sents perfumed from the sun :
This for the virtue ; now the trade
Of these sweet wives so roundly made ;
Your neat panch clenser is a woman
That spreadeth in the haunch most common,
Your neat panch clenser is cipe-boyles,
Which trade is a great finger-fayler.
But these large wives with hubergums,
Their tongues with railing bruise their gummes ;
And bones of arms in skin do rattle,
When with their wenches they have battell.

I could more instances recite
Of women's valour when they fight,
But now I mean to leave the theam,
Of choler mixt with dirty fleam.
Repeating something of fat Squire,
Who alwayes shites when he's in ire.
The Officer of our wise Ward,
Fat as a Bear or the Bearward,
Which if you name but the wrod fight,
Immediately it makes him shite.
Let any man discharge a gun,
And he as soon discharge's tun.
It is his natural love to fighting,
Makes him so prone and apt to shiteing.
Nor altogether of their spleen,
For all their choller is so keen ;
Their loves do more abound than spite,
And they do shew it when they shite.
Fat man and wife together went
To cleanse each others fundament ;
For so well grown was either belly,
They could not do't themselves I tell ye.
This I dare boldly say sans finning,
Shitten come shite is loves beginning,
This further know, fat folks do scummer
As much as Cows do give in Summer.
And that must be a fruitful tail,
That at one dunging fills a Pail.
Nor is't amiss that I recite
The Parley they did use at shite :

Dialogue.

Kind words are worth a world of money :

Qu. Dost thou piss love ? Ans. No, I shite hony.

Such questions would the good man ask,

When wife was troubled with the lask,

For she when laskish shite so thin,

It might have serv'd to shave a chin.

Some think it needful to be sed

Of love they used to shite in bed.

Large panches did so shorten arme,

Own privy members could not warme.

Their Saulige plumped fingers ends,

But commonly like loving friends,

In winter morning you may catch

He hand on — he fingring — *Madge*.

Thus they do keep their fingers warm,

Doing to neither any harm.

Love in all ages was commended,

And by Monarchy still defended.

Fat people were the landed theams

Of *Julius Cesar* and King *Tames*.

They keep their minds in such pure quiet,

Which battens them as much as dyer.

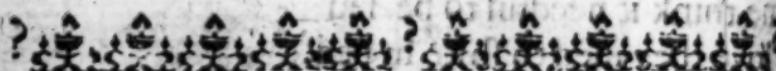
And now I leave the fat folks friends,

Which musick maketh at both ends.

For pode and throat they both extend,

To make a sweet harmonious end.

*Joane Ease got her a Nag and a Sledge,
To the Privy-house for to slide, a
The hole was beshit,
That she could not sit,
But did cack as she lay on her side : a
She was not mad,
For she sent forth a sound,
Did stretch her fundament wide. a*

?
? 
On the point of a Ladies foot, cut on the
Leads of Kings Colledge Chappel,
where before she had fallen.

Here once my Princess, when we first did
Made proud the Leads, and let them kiss
They not contented with a part so small,
Gave her a slip, and with that slip a fall ;
So did they get the grace to kiss her hand,
A better part than that whereon we stand.

Bold saucy Leads, that (as proud Coblers do)
Durst pass their bounds & touch above the shooe ;
But why do I the Leads ambition blame ?
Had I been they, I should have done the same ;
Onely I would have melted at the meeting,
And not have hurt her with so hard a greeting.

But

But O ! what naught so bad by which to call
Her servant : negligence that let her fall ?
Yet this excuse he hath, 'twas rainy weather,
And this his comfort, they fell both together ;
Such falls before advancement I'd prefer,
And wish to fall again, so 'twere with her.

But see her triumph, where she fell before,
Her foot stands now engrav'd, and slips no more,
The conquer'd Leads in penance have received
The print of that whose trust it once deceived :
And wounded bears to all posterity
The punishment of its disloyalty.

*A just requital, only 'twill be said,
So rare a gemm: Should not be set in Lead.*



*To a Lady commanding him to write a
defiance to Love.*

DO I want torture then, that I
Loves awful power must thus defie ?
Or in old stories do you find,
That Love is deaf as well as blind ?
Or else do you resolve from hence,
To non-plus my obedience ?

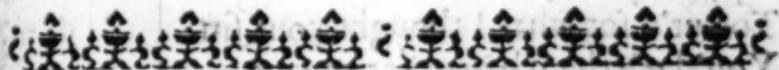
Well then your own command doth move
Me to blaspheme your self, and love.

The Defiance.

Once so foolish too was I,
To doat on Natures vanity ;
That trifle, woman, which they say,
She made to pass the time away,
When she had nothing else to do :
(And faith 'tis very likely too)
O ! I had a tedious fit
Of love, methinks I feel it yet.
I'le swear it held me half an hour,
But *Cupid* now I scorn thy power.
Shew me in one Ladies eye
Thy Strength of thy artillery :
Shew me a cheek where may be seen
Thy sprightly wanton magazine,
Shew me a lip that's dyed in grain,
With the hearts bloud of those t'as slain :
Yet I have vowed I'le never dye
For that lip, or cheek, or eye.
Shew me a neck, whose milky way
Vie splendor with the King of day :
Shew me a brest darts flames, although
It self doth seem compos'd of snow :
Shew me a belly so divine,
Thou, though a god, wouldst make it thine :
Yet *Cupid*, I the same dare tell ye,
For all this neck, or breast, or belly,

Shew

Shew me a thigh whose softnesse can,
And whitenesse baffle *Leda's* Swan :
Shew me a leg which would invite
The strictest Hermite to delight ;
Shew me a foot whose pretty shape
Would make a Saint commit a rape ;
Yet I have vow'd Ile never dye,
For that foot, or leg, or thigh.



To a Lady on a fall, in which she had almost
discovered more then all the World
besides could shew.

M Adam, pardon me, whilst I
Repeat my happy misery,
How the self same thing did cloy
With excessive grief and joy.
How cruel kind fate did me bless
With fortunate unhappinesse.
A wonder sure before unheard,
The same thing should be wish't and fear'd.
Who would not fear to see that fall?
Who would not wish there to see all?
'Twas such a sight, thus who but sees
Doth blaspheme thee with his eyes.
'Twas such a sight that hell defin'd,
May truly be said to be blind.

Crue

Cruel hands that were employ'd,
In a sin worse then a paricide.
To keep that hid, which to have seen
To total sum of blisse had been.
This is my passion then I swore
Those hands I'le never kisse no more.
This anger was true madnesse, I
Had thus reveng'd your injury
Upon my self, so I had been
Tostur'd for what I thought your sin.
You'd use them better for to save
Yourself, then for to wound you slave.
Since to hurt your self, to me
Was the height of injury.
But envy sure would never rest
In so innocent a breast.
'Twas court'siel made you so unkind,
Lest those Letters should strike me blind
Which your pure limbs unvaild display,
(Beams which disgrace the Prince of day.)
You thus in pity cheat my sight,
And hide the dangerous delight.
May he be blind that does not prize
Such a sight above his eyes.
You might have spar'd your pains to hear,
'Twas a very needless care,
(When the Reed's stollen you shut the dore,)
Your eyes had struck me blind before.

On a Knife that cut a Ladies finger.

The weapon ~~Value~~ (as) some they say have
At distance heals, just so this knife doth
(wound;

For all that gall, I felt the greatest smart,
Cutting your hand, Madam, you cut my heart.
Then let me search my gall that I may see,
What curses I can muster up for thee.
May it thou be alwayes those abho'd by us;
Than the keen knife of Sster *Airopos*;
T'employ thee may the basest beggar scorn,
Unlesse to stee his nailes or cut his corn :
Mayest thou not till thou art rusty, then
By some meanes sick Butcher found agen ;
And by him ~~and~~ onely for this intent,

To rip up guts, and set out excrement :
But why to curse thee do I keep this stir ?
Briefly, mayest thou ne're more be us'd by
(Her,

A deserty.



*A Description of the miseries of
a moneylesse Pocket.*

Bring me Raviliac who does defie
All torments, with such gallant constancy ;
And onely with one sudden oh ! complains,
When they pour scalding oyle into his veines ;
Let his stout heart but feel my pangs alone,
An empty purse I'le warrant makes him groane.
Bring me a Stoick that sayes flat and plain,
A wise man knows not so much thing as pain ;
Let him alone to make him change his note,
And swear a cut-purse worse then a throat.
The pangs my mother did with me before,
Were not so bad, as to want money before ;
I'de wish, were I my enemy to knasse,
May his associate be an empty purse :
Nor would I any greater crosses crave
For him, than that he may not crosses have ;
Then to see him I might most justly hope,
Knight of the noble order of the rope.
For you will find amongst that famous crue
That make their wills at Hide-Park-corner, few,
If you examine, but the reason why
'Twas cause they wanted money they'l reply :

Nay

Nay I have tasted miseries far worse,
The constant judgements of an empty purse,
For if I come into a tavern, I
Scarce from the Drawer get a by and by ;
To trust one quart I cannot work on *Will*,
Though I'de pawn for it all *Parnassus* hill ;
I offset'd too my horse, but he swore thus,
I will not trust one pint on *Pegasus* :
From thence to *Clavels* where I stand at door,
And softly ask't *Sue*, hast thou e're a whore ?
You speak sayes she, as if you had no money,
Then with a pox I'le help you to a cunny.
If I by chance espye some old Comrade,
He straight avoides, as if I had the plague ;
And cause I ha'nt a token with such care,
Shuns me as if I full of tokens were.
Now say my rimés are dull, and you'l say true ;
And are not you as dull to read them too ?
You might conclude before you read a bit,
That he who money wants, must needs want wit.

On a London Taylor who spoiled a Commencement Gown in the making.

How is't nine taylors make a man up, when
One taylor is enough to mar nine men ?

And

And more of women, for their large Vocation
 Acknowledgeth no bounds or limitation :
 Equal to Natures privilege, which shows
 Variety in our bodies, they in clothes :
 Nay more, a Badgers gate, a flaw or crack
 In any member, or a Lute-cate back ; (him,
 Takes not so much from man, nor can deface
 So as an ill-cut garment can disgrace him.

In the deep censuring judgments of gay Mutes,
 Who set upon the life and death of suits ;
 If this be true, thou neither he nor she,
 In what manner hast thou injured me
 In spoyleing of my Gown ? the neck too wide,
 Too long before, and then too short o'th' side,
 My sleeves too small to laugh in ; then so high
 The wings start up, as if they meant to flye :
 Thus to be handled, thus for to be thum'd,
 It makes my Velvet fret, though never gum'd.
 But was my Gown cut in this uncouth wise ?
 And my Commencement-gown, when thou

(sand eyes)

Were brought to gaze, and I to walk 'mongst
 (hole,

Whose greatest part of brain lies in their clothes :
 Taylor, I will not damn or curse thee for't ;
 Thou farest the better, but I wish a sort
 Of debtors fail, that thou full justly harm'd,

(arm'd.)

As thou sit'st now croſs-leg'd, mayſt walk croſ-

Many cross stiches mayest thou make, and meet
Some Russians still to crosse thee in the street :
Mayest thou still see thy self when thou shalt

(look

In each thing cross'd, but in thy credit Book.

And yet, if in sad silence of the night,

Thou shalt be hunted by a merry spright ;
I pray that drawing near thee he may find
Crosses each part before but none behinde.

Let Courtiers point a day, and coming then,
Point thee another day to come agen ;

Let fashions never change, let garments wear
As long as *Corin's* shoe, or men go bear ;

As in their better state, and women too,
As some suppose, they are about to do.

I cannot wish thee mischief in the wars,
For thou art skil'd and prov'd in needle scars ;

Yet let thine own goose press thee til thou faint,
And though I never mean thou shouldst be

(Saink) Let men invoke thy name, though then alone ,

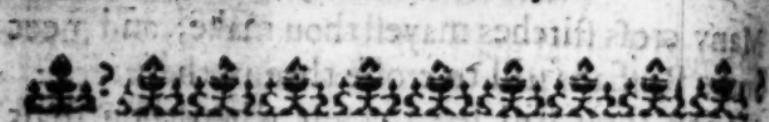
When as their knife is strugling with a bone ;
Farewell, and when thou bring'st thy long bill

(down) I'll make't as short as thou hast made my Gown.

Reade old peris to wort o' wort old bairns

For bounderly purples and blawes and queens
I'll bring new bairns, bring me bairns

With O



On a Bile.

Let others sing of heads, and some of cups,
Of Mars, and Venne, and her after-claps;
I have a subject that gives me more matter,
Than you, or I, or both, know how to utter.
It is a Bile, what Epithete shall I
Finde for to call so dull a creature by?
Shall I proclaim thee block-head? and yet call
Thee so, I can't, thou hast no head at all;
Could'st thou but get a head, and ripen faster,
I would not break thy head, but add a plaister.
Or shall I call thee coward, 'cause I find
Thee always in one place, and hill behind?
Well, since thou art a coward, prethee play
The cowards part, and quickly run away:
Or shall I call thee ungrate, vexing me
That brought thee up, and breeding gave,

(thee)

Yet prethee be not angry O my Bile!
Thou look'st to have bin praised all this while,
Shall I commend thee then? and so I will,
Commend thee to the Surgeon and his skill.
Reader forbear to frown or carp at leait,
For nought but corrupt matter here doth rest:
Thus do I ease my paines, and when my bile
Begins to rage, then I oppose my style;

Thus

Thus did that Roman *Possidonius* stout,
And *Scaliger* did thus out-brave the gout.

To a Gentlewoman from her formerly betrothed, but deserted servant, he being invited to the celebration of her Nuptials.

(thought fit;
Why faire vow-breaker, hath thy sinne
I be the curst example of thy wit,
As well as scorn? Bad woman, did not I
Deserve as much as quiet misery?
Be wise; and trouble not my suffering fit,
For every sin I have repentance yet,
Except for loving thee, do not thou presse
My easie madnesse to a wretchednesse;
So high as that, lest I be driven so,
As far from heaven as thou art, which I know
Is not shone aime, for thou hast sinned to be,
In place as in affection, far from me.
Was I thy friend or kinsman? had I ought?
What was familiar with thee saving thought?
A dream, some letters too that scattered lie,
Neglected records of my misery;
I know no itch my silent sorrow moves,
To beg a Bridal-kisse or paire of Gloves:

L

Those

and Drollery.

There are the lighter duties which they seek,
Whose sleeps are sound, & constant as the weel
Is in her course, and never felt the chance
Of love amisse, but in a dream, or trance,
And wak'd with gladnesse ; 'tis not so with me,
My days and nights are twins in misery.
Bid me first catch the plague, wish me to be
~~A witness to my mothers infamy~~ ;
Bespeak me to be sham'd, cause me to bring
My self an Euanch to a Gossiping.
Upon record ; how desperate wer't thou bent
T'invite me to a wedding Complement ?
Should I come there when that the holy man,
With his religious magick hath begun
To tye thee from me, I might leap into
A rage, and safely all your lives undo :
When heaven would be so courteous to disguise,
The blood-shed with the name of sacrifice ;
Silent as sorrows lodgings had I dwelt,
Followed with my despair, and never felte
Anger except in living, hadst thou bin
Content with my undoing, but that's sin.
I never shall forgive thee to upbraide
A wretchednes which thou thy self hast made ;
Heaven knows I suffered, and I suffered so,
That by me twas infallible to know.
How passive man is, Fate knew not a curse,
But in thy new content to make it worse ;
And that thou gav'st, when I so low was brought,
That I knew nought but thee, and then I thought,

And counted sighs and tears; as if to scan
The aire and water which componeth man;
Diseas'd I was, diseas'd, past thine own cure,
Yet wouldst thou kill what made me to endure:
My patience, strange murdereis, would you prove,
Whether that were as mortal, as your love?
Have women such a way as they can give
To men denial, and with love to live?
Why then abhor'd in reason tell me why,
Successleesse Lovers do so quickly die?
And be it so with me; but if a curse
May first be fasten'd on thee which is worse
Than thy unwept-for vow-breach, may it come,
As thy sins heap, and may the tedious sum,
Of thy great sins stand centinel to keep Sleep
Repentance from thy thoughts breach; may thy
Be broken as my hopes, 'bove all may he
Thou chusest husband grow to jealousie;
Then find it true, and kill thee may the themes,
On which thy thoughts do paraphrase in dreams.
Be my sad wrongs, and when some other snall,
Whom Fate with me hath made a poeriphall
In loving stories search and instance forth,
To damn his mistres for as little worth;
Let thy name meet him, under which let be,
A common place of women's perjury;
May heavetis make all this true, and if thou pray
Let God esteem it as thou didst the pay
Of thy last promise; I have said be free,
This penitence done, my day of deffrey

By thee is antidated, but three sighs.
First I must pay admission to the skies,
One for my madness to love women so,
That I could think thee true; the next I'll throw
For wronged Lovers, that I'll breath anew;
The last shall beg my curses be made true.

The Royal Captive, or the worlds Epitome.

How happy's the prisoner that conqu'rs his
With silence, and nere on bad fortune com-

(plains;
But carelesly plays with his keys on the grates,
And makes a sweet consort with thē & his chainis.
He drowns care with Sack when his heart is op-

(prest,
And makes it to float like a Cork in his brest.
Then since we're all slaves that Highlander's be,
And the land's a large prison inclos'd with the sea,
We'll drink up the Ocean and set our selves free,
For man is the worlds Epitome.

Let Tyrants wear purple'd deep dyed in the blond
Of those they have slain their Scepter to sway,
If our conscience be clear, and our title be good
To the rags we have on us, we're better than they.

We

(borrow,

We drink down at night what we beg or can
 And sleep without plotting for more the next
Then since we're all, &c. (morrow.

3.

Let the Usurer look to his bags and his house,
 And guard that from robbers he has rak'd from
(his dettors ;
 Each mid-night cries Thieves at the noise of a
(mouse :

Then see if his bags are not bound in their fetters.
 When once he is rich enough for a State-plot,
 Buff in one hour plunders what sixty years got.

Then since we're all, &c.

4.

Come Drawer, and fills a peck of Canary,
 This brimner shall bid all our senses good-night.
 When old Aristotle was frolick and merry
 With the juice of the grape, he turn'd stagerite.
 Copernicus once in a drunken fit found
 By the course of his brain that the world turn'd
Then since we're all, &c. (round.

5.

Tis Sack makes our faces like Comets to shine,
 And gives beauty beyond the complexions
 Diogenes was so in love with his wine, (mask.
 That when 'twas all out, he dwelt in the Cask.
 He liv'd by the sent of that wainscoated Room,
 And dying requested the Tub for his Tomb :

Then

Then since we're all slaves that High-Landers be,
And the land's a large prison inclos'd with the sea;
We'll drink up the Ocean and set our selves free,
For man is the worlds Epitome.



The States New Coyn.

1.

(Mint)

Saw you the States-mony new come from the
Some people do say it is wonderous fine;
And that you may read a great mystery in't,
Of mighty King Nol, the Lord of the Coyn.

2.

They have quite omitted his politick head,
His worshipful face, and his excellent Nol;
But the better to tempt the sisters to bed,
They have fixed upon it the print of his Hole.

3.

For, if they had set up his picture there, (stead;
They needs must ha' crown'd him in Charles his
But 'twas cunningly done, that they did forbear,
And rather would set up his Ar— than his head.

4.

'Tis monstrous strange, and yet it is true,
In this Reformation we should ha' such luck,

That

That Crosses were alwayes disdained by you,
Who before pull'd them down, should now let
(them up.)

5.
On this side they have circumscrib'd God with us,
And in this stamp and coyn they confide; I guess
Common-wealth on the other, by which we may
That God and the States were noe both of a fide.

6.
On this side they have a Cross and a Harp,
And onely a Cross on the other set forth; A
By which we may learn it falls & follows parco be A
Two Crosses to have for one fit of march. (think,

7.
A Country-man hearing this, straight way did
That he wrynd photone such a piece of his owne;
And knowing it like his wifes Buger-privity, he A
She should ha'e for a token when as he comē
(think,) (home.)

8.
Then since that this is the Parliament coyn,
Now Lilly by thy mysterious charters, reward us
Or Heralds, pray tell us if these ha' not been
Carmen or Fidlers before by their Armes. (think,



The Brewer.

1.
Of all the trades that ever I see, (may be
 There's none to the Brewer compared
 For so many several wayes works he,
which no body can deny.

2.
 A Brewer may put on a noble face,
 And come to the wars with such a grace,
 That he may obtain a Captain's place ;
which no body, &c.

3.
 A Brewer may speak so learnedly well
 And raise strange stories for to tell,
 That he may become a Colonel ;
which no body, &c.

4.
 A Brewer may be a Parliament-man
 For so his knavery first began,
 And work the most cunning plots he can ;
which no body, &c.

5.
A Brewer may be so bold a Hector
That when he has drunk a cup of Nectar,
He may become a Lord Protector;
Which no body, &c.

6. **N**
A Brewer may do all these things you see
Without control, nay he may be
Lord-Chancellor of the University:
Which no body, &c.

7.
A Brewer may sit like a Fox in his cub
And preach a Lecture out of a tub,
And give the world a wicked rub;
Which no body, &c.

8.
But here remains the strangest thing
How he about his plots did bring,
That he should be Emperour above a King;
Which no body can deny, deny;
Which no body dares deny.

The disloyal Thimble.

I.

Now our holy wars are done,
Betwixt the Father and the Son ;
And since we have by righteous fate,
Distrest a Monarch and his mate,
And first their heirs fly into France,
To weep out their inheritance ;

Let's set open all our packs,
Which contain ten thousand wracks ;
Cast on the shore of the sea Sea
Of Naseby, and of Newbury,
If then you will come provided with gold,

We dwell
Close by hell,
Where we'll sell
What you will,
That is ill ;
For charity waxeth cold.

2.

Hast thou done murther, or bloud spilt,
We can soon get another name,
That will keep thee from all blame :
But be it still provided thus,
That thou hast once been one of us ;

That

Gold is the God that shall pardon the guile,

For we have

What shall save

Thee from th' grave;

Since the Law

We can awe;

Although a famous Prince's blood were spilt,

3.

If a Church thou hast bereft

Of its Plate, 'tis holy-theft;

Or for zeal sake, if thou beest

Prompted on to take a thief;

Gold is a sure prevailing advocate,

Then come

Bring a summe,

Law is dumb:

And submits,

To our wits;

For it's policy guides a State.

The Resolute Royalists.

What though the ill times,

Run cross to our wills;

And fortune still frowns upon us:

Our hearts are our own,
And shall be so still;
Then a fig for the plagues that light on us.

Let's drink t'other cup

To keep our hearts up,
But let 't be the purest Canary;

For wee'l never fear
The crosses we bear,

Let them plague us until they be weary.

Wee'l flatter and fear

Those that over us are,

And make them believe that we love them;

When their timing is past,

We must carve them at last;

As they carv'd them that have been before them.

4.

Let the *Levite* go preach

For his Goose and his Pig,

And drink wine at *Christmas* and *Easter*;

Let the Doctors give o're,

Our lives to new Trig;

Wee'l make nature fast, and wee'l feast Her.

5.

Let the Lawyer go ball
Out his Lungs and his gall,
For the the Plaintiff, and for the Defendant ;
At school the schollar lies
Till like *Flaccus* he dies,
With an ugly hard word at the end on't.

6.

Here's a health to the man
That delights in Sol-fa ;
For Sack is his onely Rosin :
A load of Hay ho
Is not worth Ha, ha !
He's a man for my money that draws in.

7.

Then a pin for all muck,
And a fig for ill-luck ;
Tis better to be blithe and frolique,
Then to fight out our breath,
Or to mould our own death ;
By the Stone, the Gout, or the Collique.

Cupid's



in substance *Cupid's Holy-day.*

Ladies, whose marble hearts despise
Loves soft impressions, whose chaste eyes
Nere shot a glance but might be seen,
Diana and her maiden teem
Of Icy Virgins hence away,
Disturb not our licentious play,
For now its *Cupids Holy-day.*

Go glory in that empty name
Of Virgin, let your idle flame
Consume it self, while we enjoy
Those pleasures which fair *Venus* boy
Grant to those whose mingled thighs
Are trophies of his victories,
From whence new pleasures still arise.
Those onely are admitted here,
Whose looser thoughts nere knew of care
Of mans imbraces, whose fair face
Can give enjoyment such a grace,
As wipes away that hated name
Of lust, and calls their amorous flame
A virtue free from fear or shame.
With them we'll number kisses till
We pose Arithmetick, and fill

Our hearts with pleasures, till it swells
Beyond those bounds where blushing dwells.
Then will we our selves intomb
In those joyes which fill the womb,
Till sleep possesseth **Cupids** room.
At waking no repentance shall
With our past sweetness mingle gall;
We'll kisse again till we restore
Our strength again to venture more:
Then we'll renew again our play,
Admitting of no long delay,
Till that we end our Holy-day.



*To his VVhore, who askt money
of him.*

What is't that fans my fancies thus?
So cool of late I'm grown,
Methinks I'm not so rigorous,
How quickly I lye alone!
Nor doth her absence with one sigh bemoan:
Hence doth this chilness seize my back,
This frost my bloud benumbe,
When I to my **Corina** spake.
To yield to love, she askt of me a sum,
Would **Cupid** I had deaf been, or she dumb.

Those

Those glances I ador'd before,
How do I now despise ?
'Tis money onely makes a whore,
She's chaff that with a thousand lies,
For love, at such a one my members rise.

Let Love his Danaes enjoy,
Nor envyed be for me.

If e're Jane Shore my Mistresse cloy
It shall be when I'm old as he,
Till then, I'll ne're commit that Simony :

If your affections pelf must imp,
Go get another friend,

My pocket ne're shall be my pimpe ;
Nor will I for your love depend

On dirt, yet no man shall more freely spend ;
No, no, I will not rent your bed,
Nor your smock-tenant be ;
I will not farm your white and red,
You shall not let your— to me,

I court a mistresse, not a Landlady.

Judgement forbids me too (my dear)
To keep thy love in pay,
As hence it plainly doth appear ;
Love's a little boy they say,

And who but fools give children money pray ?

Loves nakedness you do mistake,

And hence proceeds your sin ;

Which shews he will no money take,

He hath no purse to put it in ;

Then doe it freely, or for me go spin.



The Captains Vagary.

Capt. Prethee Phil. art thou all steel,

Let me feel,

From the head unto the heel?

Wife. O my Docter Theodore Mayerne;

Hath me fill'd,

Hath me fill'd, with steel and iron.

2.

Capt. Sure 'twas not her pale colour

Made this stir,

Nor the steel that troubled her,

But the spleen and melancholly;

Cause she would,

Cause she would not, Trolly lolly.

3.

Surely now she will begin

In the spring,

Now the Birds do chirp and sing,

For to purge her melancholly;

And play with,

And play with, her Trolly lolly.

4.

She no Cannon need to fear,
 Though she were
 Threatned to be storm'd each where:
 Let the Cannons roar and thunder,
 She'll ne're start;
 She'll ne're start, but she'll ye under.

Freeman.

15

SHe's not the fairest of her race,
 Yet she acquires more than all her race,
 For she hath other features to inflame,
 Besides a lovely face:
 There's wit and constancy,
 And charms that strike the soul more than the
 'Tis no easie Lover (eye.
 Knows how to discover
 Such pure Divinity.

2.

And yet she is an easie book
 Writ in plain language for the meanest wit,
 A glorious out-side, and a stately look:
 Besides all justly fit,
 But age will undermine

That

That glorious out-side that doth look so fine;

VVhen the common Lover won and
Shrinks and gives her over,
Then she's only mine.

To the Platonick that applies
His sole addresses to the mind,
The body but a temple signifies,

VVherein the Saint's enshrin'd,

To him it is all one,

VVhether the wall be marble or rough stone :

But in holy places,

VVhich old Time defaces,

More Devotion's shown.

Freemans Adieu to Love.

Sure 'twas a dream, how long fond man have I
Been fool'd into captivity?
My New-gate was my want of wit,

I did my self commit,

My bonds I knit :

I mine own Gablet was, the only foe

That did my freedom disallow ;

I was a prisoner 'cause I would be so.

But now I'le shake my ponderous chains, and
 Opinion built the Gaoles of love ; (prove
 Made all his bonds, gave him his bow,
 His bloody arrows too,
 That murder so ;

Nay, and those deaths which idle lovers dream
 Were all contriv'd to make a theam,
 For some carowzing Poet's drunken flame.

3.
 'Twas a fine life I liv'd, when I did dresse
 My self to court your peevishnesse ;
 When I did at your foot-stool lie
 Expecting from your eye,
 To live or die :

Now smiles, or frownes, I care not which I have,
 Nay rather then I'le be your slave,
 I'le court the plague to send me to my grave.

4.
 Farewel those charms that did so long bewitch
 Farewel that wanton youthful itch ;
 Farewel that treacherous blinking boy
 That profers seeming joy,
 So to destroy ;
 To all those night embraces, which as you
 Know very well were not a few ;
 For ever, evermore, I bid Adieu.

5.

Now I can stand the fallies of your eyes,
 In vain are all those batteries,
 Nor can that love dissembling still

Nor can that crafty smile,
 Longer beguile ;

Nor those hard traps, which each hour you renew
 To all those witch-crafts and to you,
 For ever, evermore, I bid Adieu.



Freeman.

I.

Fear not my Genius to unfold
 Such silent thoughts as these,
 Let women born to be control'd,
 Receive them as they please ;
 For long usurped monarchy
 Hath made me hate such tyranny.

2.

Let them and their magnetick charms,
 Like Harbingers before them ;
 Possesse themselves with Cupid's arms,
 As baits for to adore them :
 Men ne're commit Idolatry,
 On subjects born as well as I.

M 3

3.

3.

Their deities with them must fade,
 It cannot be deny'd ;
 And since those pretty things were made,
 Out of old *Adam's* side :
 We love them still, but know as thus,
 Because they are a part of us ;
 Then let it then suffice the Elves,
 To say we love them as our selves.



The Antiplatonick.

I.

Fond love what dost thou mean,
 To court an idle folly ?
 Platonick love is nothing else,
 But meerly melancholy :
 'Tis active love that makes us jolly.

2.

To doat upon a face ,
 Or court a sparkling eye ;
 Or to esteem a dimpled cheek
 Complete felicity ,
 Is to betray one's Liberty .

Then pray be not so fond,
 Think you that women can
 Rest satisfied with complement,
 The frothy part of man?
 No, no, they hate a Puritan.

They care not for your fights,
 Nor your erected eyes:
 They hate to heare a man complain
 Alas! he dies, he dies;
 Believ't they love a closer prize.

Then venture to embrace,
 'Tis but a smack or two;
 I'm confident no woman lives
 But sometimes she will do,
 The fault is not in her, but you.

On the Soldiers walking in the New-Exchange
 To affront the Ladies.

I le go no more to the New-Exchange
 There is no roome at all,

It is so throng'd and crowed by
 The gallants of White-Hall ;
 But I'lle go to the Old Exchange
 Where old things were in fashion,
 For now the new's become the shop -
 Of this blessed Reformation.
 Come my new Courtiers what d'ye lack,
 Good consciences if you do ;
 Here's long and wide the onely wear,
 The strait will trouble you.

You powdersellers here will thrive,
 No customers can you lack ;
 Onely resolve to change the dye,
 Your powder must be black ;
 And with you here, take my advice,
 Get Pistols stead of Puffes ;
 Instead of sweet-balls, bullets get,
 And gauntlet stead of muffles.
 Come my new Courtiers, &c.

You that are Ribbon-sellers too,
 Your broken trades may patch,
 If you those guegawes can put off
 And barter them for match.
 You that fine Cabinets do sell,
 Your shops and ware may burn
 Her Ladyship hates all those royes,
 A Snapsack serves her turn.
 Come my new Courtiers, &c.

You

You that sell Books I pity most,

You are undone I see't,

Unlesse you will rebellion sell

At a penny by the sheet :

If so, you have a thriving trade,

For customers go no further,

For these bloud merchants at dear rates

Engrosse all rape and murther.

Come my new Courtiers, &c.

Undone, undone Confectioners,

Alas there is no hopes..

Unlesse you will give o're your trades

And set up Sutlers shops.

Your Apricockes, your Ringo roots,

Your Marmalad will not sell ;

Get you conserves of bread and cheese.

You'l bear away the bell.

Come my new Courtiers, what d'ye lack

Good Consciences ? if you do,

Here's long and wide the onely weare,

The strait will trouble you,

Another.

VVHy should we not laugh and be jolly,

Since all the World is mad ?

And lull'd in a dull melancholly ;

He that wallows in store
 Is still gaping for more,
 And that makes him as poor,
 As the wretch that nere any thing had.

How mad is that damn'd money-monger ?
 That to purchase to him and his heirs,
 Growes shriviled with thirst and hunger ;
 While we that are bonny,
 Buy Sack with ready-money,
 And nere trouble the scriveners, nor Lawyers.

Those guts that by scraping and toiling,
 Do swell their revenues so fast,
 Get nothing by all their turmoiling,
 But are markes of each taxe
 While they load their own backs
 With the heavier packs,
 And lie down gall'd and weary at last.

While we that do traffick in tipple,
 Can baffle the Gown and the Sword,
 Whose jawes are so hungry and gripple ;
 We nere trouble our heads,
 With Indentures or Deeds,
 And our wills are compos'd in a word.

Our money shall nere indite us,
 Nor drag us to Goldsmiths Hall,
 No Pirates nor wracks can affright us ;

VVe that have no estates,
Fear no plunder nor rates,
VVe can sleep with open gates,
He that lies on the ground cannot fall.

VVe laugh at those fools whose endeavours
Do but fit them for Prifons and Fines,
VWhen we that spend all are the savers ;
For if thieves do break in,
They go out empty agin,
Nay the plunderers lose their designes.

Then let us not think on to morrow,
But tipple and laugh while we may
To wash from our hearts all sorrow ;

Those Cormorants which,
Are troubled with an itch,
To be mighty and rich,
Do but toile for the wealth which they borrow.

The Mayor of our town with his ruffe on,
VVhat a pox is he better then we ?
He must vale to the man with the buffe on ;
Though he Custard may eat,
And such lubbardly meat,
Yet our Sack makes us merrier then he.



The Horns. A Song.

BRight *Cynthia* scorns alone to wear horns,
Unto her great grief and shame ;
And swears by the light and the worlds despite,
That men shall wear the same.

The man in the Moon to hear this in a swoon,
And quite out of his wits fell ;
And feeling his front, quoth he, a pox on't,
My forehead begins to swell.

Away straight he rode in a Lunatick mood,
And from his Mistress would run ;
And swore in his heat, though he stood in a sweat,
He had rather go live in the sun.

But he was well appeas'd that it other men
For no man did mutter or mourn ; (pleas'd,
But without all affright and a great delight
Did take to themselves the horn.

The Lord he will go in his woods to and fro,
Pursuing a Doe that is barren ;
But while he's in his Park, another in the dark
May safely go hunt in his warren.

The Citizen clown in his fur-faced Gown,
And his doublet faced with ale ; (his liquor,
Talks short but drinks thicker, while his wife like
Leaves working and relishes stale.

To thus she behorns him, and afterward scorns
Though he comes to be Mayor of the rout ;
And holds it no sin to be occupied within,
Whiles her husband is busied without.

The Physician will ride to his Patient that dy'd
Of no sickness but that did come ;
But whilst abroad he doth kill with potion and
His wife takes a glister at home.

The Lawyer to succour him with parchment and
To London the next Term will ride, (Buckrum)
To open his case in his adversaries face,
While his wife to his friend doth the like.

Seven miles to and fro the professor will go
To hear a sanctifi'd brother ; A
But while his zeal burns, his wife she up runs A
The whites of her eyes to another. A

The merchant he runs o're seas with his guns
His mariners and his mates ;
But whilst he doth please himself on the seas,
Another may ride in his straits.

The Soldier will go like a man to and fro,
 With a full resolution to fight ;
 While his wife with her friend, i' the wanton
 Doth make a boon boy before night.
 And although that he be well arm'd cap a pe,
 He must yield to a naked boyes scorth,
 Or instead of bright Steel or Iron on his heel,
 Be content with a Helmet of horn.

Thus each their wives love still, though they do
 But them to be false in their own sight ;
 But indeed you do well, the horn (you can tell)
 Was never a friend to the light.

Pedigree.

ABegger got a Bayliff,
 A Bayliff got a Yeoman,
 A Yeoman got a Prentice,
 A Prentice got a Freeman,
 A Freeman got a Master,
 And he begot a Teafe,
 And so become a Gentleman,
 Then a Justice of Peace.

This Justice got a daughter,
 And she is come to light,

She slept unto the Court,
And there she got a Knight,
A Knight got a Lord,
A Lord an Earl begot,
An Earl got a Duke,
This Duke he was a Scot,

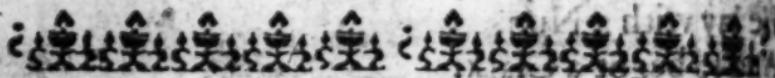
This Duke a Prince begot,
A Prince of royal hope,
He begot the Emperor,
The Emperor got the Pope,
The Pope got a Bastard,
He was a noble spark,
He lay with a Nun,
And so beget a Clark.

A Clark got a Sexton,
A Sexton got a Vicar,
A Vicar got a Parson,
A Parson got a Vicar,
And they were all made Prebends,
And so they got a Dean,
A Dean got a Bishop,
A Bishop got a Quean.

A Quean got five shillings,
Five shillings got a smock,
That got a Scotch prick,
And there he got a pock.

A Merchant got the pock,
And set it in a Ring,
And gave it to a Lady,
That laid it to her thing.

That gave it to her Page,
That gave it to his master,
That sent for the Surgeon,
And laid to it a plaster.
The plaster was too hot,
It bred to him much pain,
Anach was in his ——
And so this man ——



A Medley.

I.

Room for a gamester that plays at all he sees,
Whose fickle faith is fram'd, Sir, to fit such
times as these;
One that cryes *Amen* to ev'ry factious prayer,
From *Hugh Peters Pulpit* to *St. Peter's Chair*:
One that can comply with *Crozier* and with
And yet can bouze (Crown;
A full carouze,
While bottles tumble down,
Dery down.

This

I and I
And I and I
And I and I
And I and I

This is the way to trample without trembling,
Since Sycophants onely secure;
Covenants and Oaths are badges of dissembling,
'Tis the politique pulls down the pure:
To plottter and pray,
To protest, and betray.
Are the only ready wayes to be great,
Flattering will do thefeat.

Ne're go, ne're stir
Have vextred farther:
Then the greatest of our Damme's in the Town
From a Copper to a Crown.

I am in an excellent humor now to think well,
And I'me in another humor now to drink well;
Fill us up a Beer-bowl boy,
That we may drink it merrily
And let none other see,
Nor cause to understand,
For if we do, 'tis ten to one we are trepaned.

4.

Come fill us up a brace of Quarts,
Whose Anagram is call'd true hearts;
If all were true as I would ha' them,
And Britain were cur'd of its humor,

Then I should very well like my fate,
And drink off my wine at a freer rate
Without any noise or rumor;
And then I should fix my humor.

But since 'tis no such matter change your hue,
I may cog, and flatter, so may you;

Religion.

Is a ruseon,

And reason,

Is treason;

(Adieu,

And he that hath a noble heart may bid the world

Flocke & Gode to & Cowney.

6.

We must be like the Scottish man,
Who wish intent to beat down schism,
Brought forth a Presbyterian,
A Canon and a Catechism.
If Beuk won't do't, then Tacky shoot,
The Kirk of Scotland doth command;
And what hath bin since he come in,
I am sure we ha cause to understand.



Medley.

1.

The Scot. I Am the bonny Scot Sir,
My name is mickle John;

Tis I was in the plot Sir,
When first the wars began,
I left the Court one thousand
six hundred forty one;

But since the flight

At Worster fight

We all are undone.

I serv'd my Lord and Master
When as he liv'd at home,
Untill by sad disaster
He receiv'd his doom;

But now we sink,

Uds bled I think

The Deel's gat in his room.

He ne man spares

But stamps and staits
At all Christendom.

2.

I have travell'd mickle grounds,
Since I came from Worster bounds;
I have gang'd the jolly rounds
Of the neighbouring nations,

N 2

And

And what their opinions are
 Of the Scotch and English war,
 In geed faith I sal declare,
 And their approbation.

Jockie wears
 He has his load,
 Bears the rod
 Comes from God,
 And complaints go very odd
 Since the siege at Worster :
 VVe were wounded
 Tag and rag,
 Foot and leg,
 VVemb and crag ;
 Hark I hear the Dutchman bag,
 And begin to bluster.

3.

(Seates

The Dutch. Uds Sacraments sal *Hoghen Moghen*
 Strike down der top sails unto puny Powers ;
 Ten towsland tun of Tivel Dammy Fates,
 If dat der ships and goods prove not all ours :
 Since dat bloot and wounds do delight dem ,
 Tararara Trumpets sounds,
 Let *Van Tromp* go fort and fight dem ;
 All de States shall first be crown'd ,
 English *Skellam* fight not on goat side ,
 Out at last de *Flemins* beat
 Dey ha giv'n us susli a broad-side ;

Dat ick sal be forc't to retreat,
See de French-man he comes in complete.

4.

The French. By Gat monsieur 'tis much in vain
For Dusblad, France, or Spain
To crosse de English main ;
De Nation now is grown so strong,
De Divla er't be long
Must learnz de same tongue.
Tis bettra dem far to combine

To sel dem wine,
And teasha dem to make der Laty fine ;
We'l teach dem for to trip and minst.

To kick and winsh ;
For by de swod we never sal convince,
Since every Brewer dere can beat a Prince.

The Spaniard. What are de English to quarrel so
Dat dey cannot now adays let deir neighbourd
And sal de grave and de Catolique King, (alone
before ever dus controld wid a sword & a sling ;
All'e le de Indias be left unto de sway,
And purity a dose dat do plunder and pray.
Be dat we will suffer such affronts for to be,
We'l tumble dem down, as you sal senton see.

6.

The Welch. Taffy was once a Cottamighty of
 Put her Cousin O. P. was a Creator, (Walts
 Was come in her Country Caesspluttery nailes,
 Was take her welch hook and was peat her ;
 Was eat up her Sheese
 Her Tuck and her Geese,
 Her Pick, her Capon was ty for't ;
Ap Richard, ap Owen, ap Morgan, ap Steven,
Ap Sheskin, ap Powell was fly for't.

7.

The Irish. O hone, O hone, poor Teg and shom
 O hone may howl and cry
 Saint Patrick help dy Country-men,
 Or fair and eras we die ;
 De English steal our hoart of of Usquebagh,
 Dey put us to de sword all in Dewguedagh :
 Help us St. Patrick we ha no Saint at all but die,
 O lewes cry no more, O hone, a cram, a creel !

8.

The English. A Crown, a Crown, make room
 The English man is come,
 Whose valout
 Is taller,
 Then all Christendom :
 The Spanish, French, and Dutch,
 Swich, Welsh, and Ingligrutch ;

We fear not ;
We care not,
For we can deal with such.
You thought when we began in a civil war to
Our tillage (wait
Your pillage) should come home at last :
For when we
Could not agree,
You thought to share in our fall ;
But here Sir Sir
For first Sir,
We shall noose you all.

Medley.

The English. Let the Trumpets sound
And the rocks rebound,
Our English Natives comming ;
Let the Nations swarm,
And the Princes storm ;
We value not their drumming.
Tis not France that looks so smug
Old fashions still renewing,
It is not the Spanish shrug,
Scotish Cap, or Irish rug ;
Nor the Dutch-mans double jag

Can help what is ensuing ;
 Pray my masters look about,
 For something is a Brewing.
 He that is a Favorite consulting with Fortune,
 If he grow not wiser, then he's quite undone ;
 In a rising creature we daily see certainly,
 He is a retreator that fails to go on ?

He that in a Builder's trade
 Stops e're the roof be made,
 By th' aire he may be betray'd

And overthrown :
 He that hath a race begun,
 And let's the Goale be won ;
 He had better never run,
 But let t' alone.

3.

Then plot rightly,
 March sightly,
 Shew your glittering arms brightly ;

Charge hightly,
 Fight sprightly ;
 Fortune gives renown.

A right riser
 Will prize her,
 She makes all the world wiser ;

Still try her,
 Wee'l gain by her

A Coffin or a Crown.

If the *Dutchman* or the *Spaniard*
Come by to oppose us,
We will thrust them up at the main-yard,
If they do but but nose us;
Hans, Hans, think upon thy sins,
And then submit to *Spain* thy master;
For though now you look like friends,
Yet he will never trust you after;
Drink, drink, give the *Dutchman* drink,
And let the tap and kan run faster;
For faith, at the last I think
A Brewer will become your master.

Let not poor *Teg and Shone*
Vender from der houses,
Lest dey be quite undone
In der very Trowzes:
And all der Orphans beflow'd under hatches,
And made in *London* free der to cry matches;
St. Patrick wid his Harp do run'd wid true strings
Is not fit to untie St. *Hewson's* flocks strings.

Methinks I hear
The welch draw near,
And from each lock a louse tropes;
Ap Shon, ap Loyd,
Will spen'd her plooz
For to defend her mouse-traps;

Mounted

Mounted on her Kifflebagh
 With coot store of Koradagh,
 The Pritish war begins.
 With a hook her was over come her
 Pluck her to her, thrust her from her,
 By cot her was break her shins.

Let Taffy fret,
 And weitch-hook whet,
 And troop up pettigrees ;
 We only tout
 Tey will stink us out,
 Wit Leeks and toasted Sheeze.

7.

But Jackie now and Jarry comes,
 Our Brethren must approve on't ;
 For pret a Cot dey beat der drums
 Onely to break de Couenant.
 Dey bore Saint Andrew's Croffe,
 Till our army quise did rout dem,
 But when we put um to de losse
 De deal a Croffe about dem :
 The King and Couenant they crave,
 Their cause must needs be further'd ;
 Although so many Kings they have
 Most barbarously, basely murther'd.

8.

The French, The French-mat he will give con-
 Though he trickle in our veins ;
 (sent,
 That

That willingly
We may agree,
To a marriage with grapes and graines :
He conquers us with kindness,
And doth so far entrench,
That fair, and wise, and young, and rich,
Are finished by the French :
He prettifies us with Feathers and Fans,
With Petticoats, Doublets, and Hose ;
And saith they shall
Be welcome all
If they forbear the nose.
For love or for fear,
Let Nations forbear ;
If fortune exhibit a Crown,
A coward he
Must surely be,
That will not put it on.

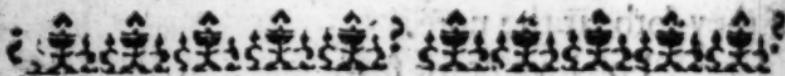


To his Mistresse denying him to lie with her.

HAre me dear soul, & say no more you love,
If I must onely know what is above ;
To kiss your lips and hands, these be but toys,
And torments to a Lover, and not joyes,
I hate the wanton folly of a kisse,
If not a passage to a further blisse ;

Men

Men do seek mines in women, and if so,
You must give leave to them to dig below :
The barren face of earth, since natures arts,
Hath hid such treasures in the lower parts :
Why you so coy ? you'l d fain be marryed
Before that you would lose your maidenhead ;
Then may I claim it as my right and due,
The Law doth give it me ; it is not you.
If you would have your kindness to be shewn
Below it freely while it is your own.



Upon a Christmas Dinner in a Prison.

Hold hoops and hinges, burst not I beseech
Your ribs with laughing, at my hungry
(speech;
Hold fast, be sure with both your hands for
(fear)
Your sides should burst and spoile your hungry
(cheat.
Listen you Plum-broth Bolchins to the fate,
Of a distressed prisoner, you that fate (chines,
And lade your gorgeous mawes with stately
And jolly gamones, while poor virtue pines ;
Feeding on nothing but thin contemplation
And barren thoughts ; pity the sad relation
Of the cold feast I kept on Christmas last,
More justly may I call't a solemn fast :

when

When all your mouths in an united motion
At meat, walk'd faster then at your devotion
Of morning prayers ; I unthought of lay
In a dark sullen Chamber, where the day
Seem'd but a clear night ; nor could I get,
To satisfie poor nature one small bit.
It would have turn'd the stomach of a cook,
With grief, to see how p'ecous I did look.
The little animals did skip and trice
About my musty Cell, there yelped mice ;
Alas thought they, will no one us befriend,
So much as with a Christmas Candles end ?
Well fare the Chandlers wife, and may she bear
Each year a Chub, we pray thee nature where
The mid-wife leapes to see about the house,
A Groanling-Cheese delivered of a mouse :
These in my conscience if they could have
Had sung the lamentations for my sake, (spake,
Though I deseru'd no love ; and for my part,
I could have eaten them with all my heart.
I wish'd my self a prisoner in the Tower,
For its allowance sake for half an hour ;
A Judges tongue, soft in his greasie hand,
Had been the choicest morsell in the Land.
The picking of his teeth too had been rare ;
But that so often lick'd with lyes they are.
A tender Cou-tier, though scarce sound withall
I could have swallowed up, cloaths, legs, and all ;
But for a fear, grant pump't and storm and wind
This roguish bit I'd eat, and had combin'd

His

His carcasse still ; and swallowed whole the evil,
Sending his soul the back-way to the devil :
I do believe (such was my hunger's force)
I could have eaten my L. Mayo's great horse.
Thus well-nigh famish'd with conceit I lay,
Striving to sleep, and so forget the day ;
But I no sooner half asleep could be,
But straight my entrails crok'd, and waken'd me ;
Silence quoth I, you chimes of Christmas noon,
And be content to fast with me till foot ;
It may be we shall sup, if not I'll fill
My belly with a dream, good guts be fill ;
But fortune unexpected to prevent
Despair, afforded me a limb of Lent :
Sure she had strange reason in preferring
Before all meats a reverent red Herring.
I'm loath to tell thee plainly what it was,
For fear your mouth should water as you pass
And wrong this harmless paper by its side,
Lay a neglected crust forth roughly dry'd ;
That it had been sometimes mistook by otte,
That rub'd his boots with't for a putty Rone :
Hard fare, be witness heaven, and my jawes
That ak'd, and bled, most freely through the

(flaws)

The crust had made upon my tender gums,
I scowl'd, I thought 'twas land, not white bread

(crumis :

This if you will believe a virtuous sinner,
Was my best fare, for my last Christmas dinner.

J

I
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Sir
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VV
She
Ne

I wish, not having known the like before,
I may fare better next, or ne're know more;
Sir, since my muse can make no better shift,
My Christmas dinner be your next years gift.



An Amorous Catch,

B1. See how unregarded now
That piece of beauty passes,
There was a time, when I did you
To thee alone; but mark the face of faces
That red and white works now no more on me,
Then if it could not charm, or I not see.

I2. And yet the face continues good,
And I have still desires;
And still the self same flesh and blood,
As apt to melt, and suffer from those fires:
Of some kind power unriddle where it lies,
Whether my heart be faulky, or her eyes.

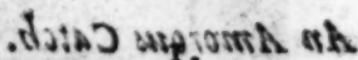
3. She every day her man doth kill,
And I as often die;
Neither her power, nor my will
Vvhere lies the mystery?

Sure

Sure beauties Empire like to other states,
Hath certain Periods set, and hidden fates.

? 

( Another )

 *The Woman's Caſe.*

BOAST not blind boy that I'me thy prize,
'Twas not thy dart;

But those that feather'd with her eyes,

First strook my heart,

Thy ill-tutor'd shaft and childish bow,

On faintly, loving hearts bestow.

I

I vaunt my flames, and dare defie

Those bug-beat fires :

That onely serve to certifie

Fools fond desires.

Hold up to such thy painted flame

As treble, when they beat thy name.

I

My breast no fire, nor dart could pierce ;

But holy flashes :

Swifter then lightning, and more fierce

Burnt mine to ashes.

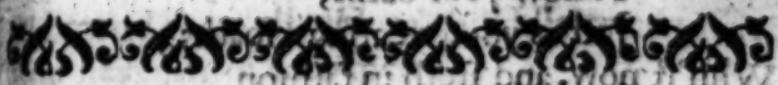
Come let them sleep in unknown ?

Since fate decreed their time, her brest.

et us

Miser-

also woulde



Misandemus: Or the Merchant.

I Can love for an hour, when I me at leisure,
He that loves half a day sins without measure;
Cupid come tell me, what art hath thy mother
To make me love one face, more then another.

Men to be thought more wise daily endeavour,
To make the world believe they can love every
Ladies believe them not, they will deceive you,
For when they have their wills, then they will

leave you.

Men cannot feast themselves with your sweet
They love variety of charming creatures;
Too much of any thing sets them a cooling,
Though they can do nothing they wil be fooling.



Another Casch.

You say you love me, and you swear it too;
But stay Sir, I will not do

The Frottoile.

I know your oaths,
Just as your weeping cloaths,
Whil'st now, and fresh in fashion,
But once grown old you lay them by
Forgot like words were spoke in passion,
I lie not believe you, I

The Frottoile.

There's none but the glad-man,
Compar'd to the mad-man,
Whose heart is full empty of care :
His fits and his fancies
Are above all mischances,
And mirth is his ordinary fare :

Then be thou mad,
And he mad ;
Mad aff let us be,

There's no men lead lives more merry than we,

The Tinkers.

Have you any work for a Tinker mistis ?
Old brass, old bowles, old kettles,

I'll mend them all with a faradiddle-twang,
And never harm your mittens.

2.

But first let me taste a cup of your Ale,
To steel me against cold Weather,
For Tinkers fees, are Vintners Lees,
Or Tobacco choose you whether.

3.

Then of your Ale, of your happy Ale,
I wish I had a fitkin ;
For I am old, and very, very cold ;
Yet I never wore a Jerkin.



The Topper.

1.

Hold thy nose to the pot Tom, Tom,
Hold thy nose to the pot Tom, Tom ;

Tis thy pot,

And my pot ;

And thy pot,

And thy pot :

Hold thy nose to the pot Tom, Tom.

O 2

8.

^{2.}
Tis malt that will cure thy maw Tom,
And heal thy distempers in Autumn;

Felix quem facient

I prethee be patient,

Aliena pericula cautum.

^{3.}
Then hold thy nose to the pot Tom, Tom,
Hold, hold thy nose to the pot Tom, Tom.

There's neither Parson, nor Vicar,

But will toss off his liquor,

Sing hold thy nose to the pot Tom, Tom.

Half mild, and half stale.

^{1.} (love late mourning,
Underneath the Castle-wall the Queen of
Tearing of her golden locks, her red-rose
(cheeks adorning,
With her Lilly white hands she smote her brest,
And said she was forsaken ;
With that the mountains they did skip,
And the hills fell all a quaking.

^{2.}
Underneath the rotten hedge, the Tinker's wife
late shiting,
Tearing of a Cabbidge leaf, her shitten At—
(wiping;
With

With her cole-black hands she scratcht her Ar—
And swore she was besitten,
With that the Pedlars all did skip,
And the Fidlers fell a-sitting.



A Resolution not to marry.

If she be fair I fear the rest,
If she be sweet I'll hope the best,
If she be fair they'll say she'll do,
If she be foul she'll do so too.
If she be fair she'll breed suspect,
If she be foul she'll breed neglect.
If she be born o'th' better sort,
Then she doth favour of the Court,
If she be of the City born,
She'll give the City arms, the Horn,
If she be born of parents base,
I scorn her vertues for her place,
If she be fair and witty too,
I fear the harm her wit may do;
If she be fair and do want wit,
I love no beauty without it.
In brief, be what she will, I'm one
That can love all, but will wed none.

With per cent. paid - also - the following is a list of
 ()
 With each of the leaders in the old school
 And the following numbers
 And the following numbers

I Am resolv'd in my belief,
I No woman has a soul
 But to delude; that is the chief
 To which their fancies roul.
 Else, why should my *Emilia* fail,
I When she her faith had given;
 Since oaths, that either ears affair,
 Recorded are in Heaven,
 But as the Chymists glowing fire
 Swels up his hope of prize,
 Untill the spirits quite expire,
 And so his fortune dies:
 So, though they seem to chide and speak
 What we do most implore,
 They but enflame us still we break
 And never mind us more!

Song.

I Prethee sweet heart grant me my desire,
 For I'm thrown as the old Proverb goes;

Out

Out of the frying-pan into the fire,
And there is none that will pity thy woes,
Then hang or drown'd thy self my muse,
For there is not a T. so shuse.

Most maides prove coy of late, though they
Yet believe they are all of a kinde, still of a like y^t
Like will to like, quoth the Devil to the Goat,
They will prove esue when the Devil is blind,

Let no man yield to their desire ;
For the blinde childe still dreads the fire.

What though my lour as white as a Dove is ?
Yet you would say if you knew all within me,
That shitten come shite, the beginning of Love
And for her favour I care not a pin ;
No love of mine she sh'e shall be,

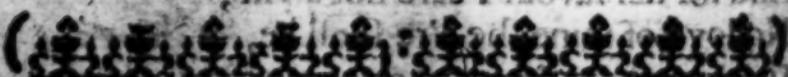
Sir-reverence of your company.
Though her disdainfulness my heart hath cloven,
Yet I am of so stately a mind,
Nere to steep into her arse to bakt in her oven :
'Tis abyld Proveid, than cat will to hind,
No, I will say unwill die, & no man may bid me
Farewo hand behang'd, that's twice god buy.

Alas no rejoycing or comfort I can take,
In her that regards not the worth of a lover,
A T. is as good for a sow as a pancake,
Swallow this Guiding, I'll fish for another.

She nought regards my aking heart,
Tell a mare a tale, and she'll let a fart.

I am as sure as my shooes are made of leather,
Without good advice, or fortunate helps
We two shall never set our horses together,
This is so like a Bear that is rob'd of her whelpes,
Therefore of me it shall never be said
I have brought an old house upon my head.

Fall back, fall edge, I never will bound be,
To make a match with rag rag or longtale ;
But is best cheap if I thinke see the naile ;
Shall I tolle gratis in their durt ?
First they shall do as doth my shurt,



Soliloquy to a married Woman.

THOU dost deny me cause thou art a wifey,
Know she that's married lives a single life
That loves but one ; abhor the nuptial curse
Ty'd thee to him, for better and for worse,
Variety delights the active blood,
And women the more common the more good :
As all goods are, theirs no adultery,
And marriage is the worst monopoly.
The learned Roman Clergy admits none
Of theirs to marry ; they love all, not one ;

And

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And every Nun can teach you this as meet,
To change your bed-fellow, as a mock or sheet:
Say, would you be content onely to eat
Mutton or Beef, and taste no other meat?
It would grow loathsome to you, and I know,
You have two pallats, and the best below.

Tom of Bedlam.

From forth the *Elizian fields*,
A place of restlesse routes,
Mad *Maudlin* is come to seek her naked *Tam*,
Hells fury she coneroutes:
The damned laugh to see her,
Grim *Plaus*, scolds and teates,
Caron is glad to see poor *Maudlin* mad,
And away his boat he gets
Through the Earth, through the Sea, through
Through the lofty skies, (unknowenly)
Have I sought with sobs and lutes
For my hangry mad *Tam*, and my naked sat:
Yet I know not whether he lives or dies,

My plaints makes *Sayrs* civil, and *Minstrel* faint
The Nymphis forget their singing, (shef)
The Fairies have left their gambal, and their
The plants and the trees their springing,

Mighty Leviathan took his Concupis^{ce}s to him
Then broke his Digest, had two eyes of
Neptune despi'sd the Ocean, and now blow,
Flouds did leave their flowing, and so many
Churlish winds their blowing, and woe blow,
And all these post in ~~the landless regions~~ over the world
The Torrid Zone left burning,
The Deities stood stirring,
Despised Jove from Jove took a glove,
And strook down Wren from whistling.

Mars for fear lay couching,
Apollo's cap was fidd'd,
Poor Charles his wainbowes in brown robes into the main.
The mimbly Robt lay air'd
Saturn, Damas, Valeyn, Venny,
All lay bush't and drunk,
Hells fire through hys teir was sent,
Fates and thern iusticiale so quel of blyg and vise
Hated our grief and hemisnt he
And yet no one could tell of
Nonwithstanding shall I wander
Whither shall I flye? No man I know
The hevens do weep, the earth, the air, the deeps
Are weptied with my cryes in Jon world I say
Let me up and steal the Trumpet

That summons all in doom; and in such
At the poor blast the Electors shall cast
All creatures from heaven to earth again,
Dion with his Hephaestus, Death with death's son,

Stormy clouds and weather,
Shall call all souls together
Against I find my Tomkin He provide a Pumpkin
And we will both be blithe together.

A Song.

SIR Egle More, that valiant Knight,
With his fa-la, lanc're down dille;
He fetcht his sword and he went to fight
With his fa-la, and his lanc're down dille;
As he went over hill and dale,
All clothed in his coat of mail,
With his fa-la, his fa-la, and his lanc're down dille.

A huge great Draggon leaps out of his den,
With his
Which had kill'd the Lord knows how many
With his (men,
But when he saw Sir Egle More,
Good Jack had you seen how this Draggon did
With his (men,

This Draggon he had on a plagu' hide,
With his
Which could both sword and spear abide,
With this (men,

Ho

He could not enter with backs and cuts,
 VVwhich vext the Knight to the heart bloud and
 VVith his

All the trees in the wood did shake,

VVith his

Stars did tremble and man did quake,

VVith his

But had you seen how the birds lay peeping,

T'would have made a mans heart to a fallen

VVith his, &c. (weeping)

But now it was too late to fear,

VVith his

For now it was come to fight dog, fight bear,

VVith his

And as a yawning he did fall,

He thrust his sword in hilles and all.

VVith his

But now as the Knight in choller did burn,

With his

He ow'd the Dragon a shrew'd good turn;

VVith his

In at his mouth his sword he bent,

The hilt appeared at his fundament.

VVith his

Then the Dragon like a Coward began to fly

VVith his

Unto his Den that was hard by ;
 With his
 And there he laid him down and roar'd ;
 The Knight was vexed for his sword,
 With his

The Sword it was a right good blade

With his

As ever Turk or Spaniard made ;

With his

I for my part do forsake it,

And he that will fetch it, let him take it.

With his, &c.

When all this was done to the Ale-house he

With his

(went

And by and by his two pence he spent ;

With his

(gon,

For he was so hot with rugging with the Dr-

That nothing could quench him but a whole

With his

(Flagon.

Now God preserve our King and Queen,

With his

And eke in London may be seen,

With his

As many Knights and as many more,

And all so good as Sir Egglemore.

With his, &c.

205

Cupid and Drallery.

As you bide at wardeneside said Cupid

What? some birding for to find,
brown aid toj howe a wardeneside soft
Cupid and the Clown.

AS Cupid took his bow and bolt
Some birding for to find,
He chanced on a Country Swain
Which was some Yeomans hinde.

Clown. VVell met fair boy, what sport abroad?
It is a goodly day ;
The birds will sit this frosty morn,
and You cannot chuse but stay.

Go haste, why Sir? your eyes be our,
You will not bird I crow ;
And go home, or else I think
The birds will laugh at you.

Cupid. VVhy man? thou dost deceive thy self,
Or else my mother lies,
VVho said although that I were blind,
My arrowes might have eyes.

Clown. VVhy then thy mother is a Voole,
And thou art but an else,
To let thy arrowes to have eyes,
And go without thy self.

high

Cx.

No. Note Sir Swain, but hold your peace,
I do take a shaft ;
He make them know what I can do,
With that the plough-man laugh.

The angry **Cupid** drew his bow,
Clo. For God sake kill me not ;
Cup. I'll make thy Leather-head-toe crake.
Clo. Nay childe be loath of that.

The stinging arrow hot the mark,

And pierc'd the felly foul.
You might know by his hollow eyes
Whether love had made the hole.

And so the Clown went bleeding home,

To stay it was no boot ;
And knew that he could see to hic,
Which could not see to shoor.



A Song.

Sir Francis, Sir Francis, Sir Francis his son,
Sir Robert and eke Sir William did come
And eke the good Earl of Southampton
March't on his way most gallantly ;
And then the Queen began to speak :
You are welcome home Sir Francis Drake ;

Then

Then came my Lord Chamberlain, and with him
A man all in white (white staffe,
And all the people began to laugh.

The Queens Speech.

Gallants all of British blood,
VVhy do not ye saile on th' Ocean flood?
I protest ye are not all worth a Philberd,
Compared with Sir Humphrey Gilberd.

The Dugens Reason.

For he walkt forth in a rainy day,
To the new-found Land he took his way,
With many a gallant fresh and green ; (Queen
He never come home agen, God bleis the

A Song.

O Thou that sleep'st like Pig in straw,
Thou Lady dear, Arise, Arise, Arise,
Hoping to keep thy son in awe,
Thy little twinkling eyes.

And having stretcht both leg and arme,
Put on thy whiter smock ;

And

And for to keep thy body warm,
Thy Peticoat and Dock.
The shops were open'd long ago,
And youngest Prentise go ho haes,
To lay at's Mistress chamber door
His masters shining shoes.

Arise, arise, why should you sleep,
Since you have slept enough?
Long since French boyes cry'd Chimney-sweep,
And Damsels Kitchin-stuff.

A. Song.

NOne but my self my heart do keep,
As I on Cowslip bed did sleep,
Near to a pleasant boge;
Where thou my pretty rogue,
With Knuckles knocking at my breast,
Did ask for my three-corner'd guelt,
And whispering said as soft as voice might be,
Come forth thou little rogue to me,
A thousand thousand fiends as black as foot,
With all their dirty damns to boor,
Take thee, O take thee every day,
For stealing I and my poor heart away.

This heart of mine for joy did leap,
 And follow'd thee even step by step ;
 Till tired at the last, 'twas thick, and plump, and
round before,
 Weighing a full pound weight and more.
 And now it's sunk unto the skin,
 And is no bigger than head of pin.
 A thousand thousand fiends as black as soot,
 With all their durty damms to boor.



A song.

Andrew and Maudlin, Rebecca and Will,
 Margret and Thomas, and Jocky and Mary
 Kate of the Kitchin, and Kit of the mill,
 Dick the plow-boy, and Joan of the Dairy,
 To solace their lives and to sweeten their labor,
 They met on a time with a pipe and a tabor.

Andrew was clothed in shepherds gray,
 And Will had put on his holiday-Jacket ;
 Beck had a Peticoat of Popinjay, (placket,
 And Meg had a Ribbond hung down to her
 Meg and Molly in frize, Tom and Jackie in lea-
 And so they began to foot it together. (ther,

Their head and their arms about them they flang
 With all the might and the force that they had ;
Their

Their legs were like flails, and as loofly hang,
For they cudgel'd their arses as if they'd been
mad; Their faces did shine, and their fires did kindle,
And here they did trip it and turn like a spindle,

Andrew chuckt Mandlin under the chin,
Simper she did like a Fumfity-kettle;
The sound of her blobber-lips made such a din
As if her chops had been made of bell-mettle:
Kerr laughing heartily at the same smack,
She presently answers it with a bum-crack.

At no Whits-on-ale was ever yet seen
Such friskers and frekers as those lads and lasses;
The sweat it run down their face to be seen,
And sure much more run down from their arses;

(sworn,
Nay, had you been there you might well have
(born.
You had ne're beheld the like since you were

Here they did fling and there they did hoyt,
Here a hot breath, and there went a favour;
Here they did glance and there they did lout,
Here they did simper and there they did slabor;
Here was a hand and there was a placket,
While their skirts and their breeches went a flacket.

The Dance being ended, they sweat and they
(Hark,
 The maidens did smerk, and the young men did
(kiss 'em,
 Cakes and ale flew about, they clapt hands and
(they drunk,
 They laught and they gigg'd until they beptig
(blush'd up to the ears,
 Thus every young man gave each a green
(mande,
 While their breasts and their bellies went
(pintle-te-pandie.



The Ghost.

I.

Tis late and cold, stir up the fire,
 Sit close, and draw the table nigher;
 Be merry and drink wine that is old,
 A hearty medicine 'gainst the cold.

2.

Your beds of wintera flesh the best,
 Come ye and tumble to your rest:
 I could well wish you wenches so,
 But I am dead and cannot do.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART OF THE SONG.

Call for the best, till the house doth ring,
 Sack, VVhite, Claret, let them bring,
 And tope apace whilst breath you have,
 You'll find but cold drink in the grave.

Partridges, Plovers for your dinner,
 And a Capon for the dinner,
 You shall have ready when you are up,
 And your horse shall have his sup.

Welcom, welcom, shall flye round,
And I will laugh though under ground.

The Priests Anthem.

*D*ens, dens mem,
Altalute vigilo;
In veris acibus.

There was a Fryer of the sconce,
 And he could not say his Skence,
 He laid the maid down upon suspence,

O it was for little good !

His name was Little Sir Walter,
 And he could not say his Psalter,
 But stood quivering behind the altar,

Yet Lord, how his man-Kollam stood !

Ovis, uniuersus; verbum omnibus.

Fryer Thomas came to Ninus,

Desiring her to do him a pleasure.

O good Sir, quoth she,

I'le tell you most certainly,

When you shall find me at leisure.

Then he took her up in his *armibus*.

And he carried her into a *cornibus*,

At the farther end of all the Cloyster;

He laid her down upon her bum,

Ovis, in nobis, profectum,

And there he opened her Oyster.



The Huntsman.

Of all the sports the world doth yield,
Give me a pack of hounds in field,
Whose echo sounds shrill through the sky,
Makes Jove admire our harmony,
And wish that he a mortal were,
To see such pleasures we have here.

Some do delight in Masks and Playes,

And in Diana's Holy dayes.

Let Venus act her chiefeſt skill,

If I dislike I'le please my will;

And

And choose such as will last,
And not to surfeit when I taste.

3.

Then I will tell you a sent,
Where many a horse was almost spent,
In Chadwel Close a hare we found,
That led us all a smoking round ;
O're hedge and ditch away she goes,
Admiring her approaching foes.

4.

But when she felt her strength to waste,
She parlyed with the hounds in haste.

The Hare. You gentle dogs forbear to kill
A harmless beast that ne'r did ill :
And if your masters sport do crave,
I'll lead a sent as they would have.

5.

The Hounds. Away, away, thou art alone,
Make halte we say, and get thee gone ;
We'll give thee leave for half a mile,
To see if thou can't us beguile :
But then expect a thundering cry,
Made by us and our company.

6.

The Hare. Then since you set my life so light,
I'll make Black lovely turn to white ;

And York-shire Gray, that runs at all
 I'le make him wish in his stall ;
 And Sorrel, he that seems to fly,
 I'le make him sickly e're he die.

7.
 Let Burham Bay do what he can,
 And Barton Gray, which now and than
 Doth strive to winter up my way ;
 I'le neither make him fit nor play.
 And constant Robin, though he lie
 At his advantage, what care I ?

8.
 But here Kit Bolton did me wrong,
 As I was running all along ;
 For with one pat he made me so,
 That I went reeling too and fro :
 Then, if I die your masters tell,
 That fool did ring my passing-Bell.

9.
 But if your masters pardon me,
 I'le lead them all to Throngabby ;
 Where constant Robin keeps a room
 To welcome all the Guests that come,
 To laugh, and quaff in Wine, and Beer
 A full Carouse to their Career.

Inued ybesig thos bas in knowy ind
biruyng abz solatine ym hars illiv

The Hounds. Away, away, since 'tis our nature
To kill thee, and no other creature,
Our masters they do want a bit;
And thou wilt well become the spit;
They eat the flesh, we pick the bone,
Make haste we say, and get thee gone.

To Hare. Your masters may abate their chear,
My meat is dry, and Butter dear;
And if with me they'd make a friend,
They had better give a pudding's end:
Besides once dead, then sport they'll lack,
And I must hang on the Huntsman's back.

The Hounds. Alas poor Hare we pity shee,
If with our nature 'twould agree,
But all thy doubling shifts we fear
Will not prevent thy death so near.
Then make thy will, for it may be that
May save thee; else, we know not what.

The Hare's Will. Then I do give my body free,
Unto your masters courtesy;
And if they'll spare till sport be scaue,
I'll be their game, when they do want.

But

But when I'm dead each greedy hound
Will trail my entrails on the ground.

The Hounds. VVete ever dogs so basely crost?
Our masters call us off so fast,
That we the sent have almost lost;
And they themselves must lose the roast,
VVherefore, kind *Hare* we pardon you:

The Hare. Thanks gentle *Hounds*, and so Adieu,

The Reform'd University.

DAme Learning of late is fled the Land,
Foul besal her suitors all,
That could in her way no longer stand.

Diogenes come, seek up and down
At noon bright, with lanthorne and light
To see if she be hid under a Gown.

Thus the whole University pry,
From the grand Doctor to the small fry
Peep here, and peep there, the devil a scholler
(you'll spy).

The freshman that before he has eaten,
All to gabbles his Predicables,
Breaks his fast upon butter'd Seaton : (fur's her
VVho when he comes home to his mother con-
Talking bigger of casting a figure)

V. Vill and Drollery

To conjuring Sophrons, made by his tutor.

Thus the whole University pry, &c.

The Soph when speech extempore makes,

Thinks he flyes in the skies,

When a jest in false Latin he makes :

Then led in triumph to the Sack tuns

Thinks it fit to be drunk in wine

Whilst a tis the Philosopher runs.

Thus through the whole University pry, &c.

The Doctor that comes up with his man,

Promising *Nan* to commence if he can,

And to buy mistress Doctress a Fan ;

That his wife may sit above and go finer,

His silver he spends, and his Latin ends

Venturing far to deny the minor

Thus through the whole University, &c.

At his act he was sullen in the sight,

And would not answer : yet anon, Sir

He'll invite you kindly at night ;

Though the poor Knight be cast off his crupper,

And shrewdly fears he has wrong'd your ears

He'll make your pallats amends at supper.

Thus the whole University, &c.

The Emperik that to kill do's his endeavour

Whilst he framed diseased names

Able to cast a man into a Feaver :

VVhen

Wits and Dullards

When he comes to dispute in form and matter,
Looking as pale as his tinctable swan,
Shakes his head as he were casting of water.

Thus the whole University, *etc.*

The Lawyer that comes up with his grace,
Forgetting in hast his Latin is cast, nigh cast
And abus'd into a pifful caſt, or if it alſo fit
Then vext' with *Priſcion* will not ſmile.

(Though the action be of Barbery)
To break his head, and cut off his taile.

Thus through the whole University, *etc.*

The Schcooldame his time in Nonsense spends,
Breaks his brain about Captaining, cliveling, and cast
Sweats to make *Sir* and *Thos* good friends
Learnedly ſcolding with reason don't juſſe,
Without doubt of the truth is *out*, and
And ſans question is wiſe enough.

Thus the whole University, *etc.*

The School-Divine that troubleth his ſenſe,
If created he were in Paradife
Whether *Adams* did eat it in inſcenſe;
If the apple was par'd that was eat at the fall,
What need they had of a taylor's trade,
What thread the fig-leaves were ſowed withall.

Thus the whole University, *etc.*

old smirched like a cushion-clay
The Preacher that with fury doth dash on
The Pulpit, threat and alt'ry beats
The thredbare conscience of the poor cushion
Who from a Coblers stall is driven,
Soules to mend to th' everlasting end,
And sets 'em upright in the way to heaven.

Thus the whole University, &c.
Against the Pope poor man he rakes up,
All Bellarmine whacks : till his head akes
Scourging the VVhore of Babylon :
The roastmeat suffers for the shipper :
Till folk devout with the glasse run out,
Swearing 'tis herke to lose their dinner.

Thus the whole University, &c.
The Orator that is bound to wear Sattin
With his quantum's, and his quantum's
On Tullies head seizes a part of his Latip :
VVith Rhetorick cunge, to Embassadors prate,
In metaphor fine with trope divine :
VVith a high timber'd file, and a stately gare.

Thus the whole University, &c.
And to the Chancellour makes a great face
Swell'd in puff-paste of Eloquence vast ;
The phrases in Godwins Antiquaries trace.

VVith

With ale-conceit like a herring bloat,
 With a candi'd voice, and action choice,
 Like a Gentleman with a bur in his throat.
 Thus the whole University; &c.

The Poet that with the nine muses lies,
 Till he betrays some bastard playes,
 And undoes the Colledge with Comedies
 Though he anew translate the Psalmes,
 Sings painted laies for holy dayes;
 Abuses devotion in Epigrams.
 Thus the whole University, &c.

The Schoolmaster that makes many a martyr,
 Boyes can teach, and to women preach,
 For his half Crown once in a quarter:
 He laies about like a Demi-God,
 Picking riches out of their breeches,
 With a constryng face, and a piercing rod.
 Thus the whole University, &c.

The Freshman is simple, the Soph too false,
 The Philosopher sad, the Poet mad;
 The Phylistian weak, the Lawyer false,
 The Orator cold, the Preacher too hot;
 The master of the school, and's man a fool,
 The Divine too curious, and Doctor a sor.
 Thus through the whole University pry,
 From the grand Doctor to the small fry,
 And peep here, and peep there, the devil a
 scholler you'll spy.

The

The Shiftless Student.

In a melancholly studysuo shalsh of my
 None but my self, I ed: havois squiflow1
 Methought my muse grew muddy,
 After seven years reading, I said but I
 And costly breeding
 I fel: but could find no pelfe. (sacred,
 into learned wrags I have rent my plush and
 And now am fit to beg in Hebrew, Greek, and
 (Latin;
 Instead of Aristotle would I had got a pattent.
 Alas poor schollar ! whether wilt thou go ?

Cambridge now I must leave thee
 And follow Fare,
 Colledge hopes deceive me ;
 I oft expected
 To have been elected,
 But desert is reprobate.
 Masters of Colledges have no common graces,
 And those that have fellowships have but com-
 mon places,
 And those that schollers are, they must have
 handsome Faces.

Alas, &c.

I have

I have bow'd, I have bended,
 And all in hope
 One day to be befriended ;
 I have preach'd, I have printed,
 What e're I hinted
 To please our English Pope.
 I worshipt toward the East but the sun does now
 forsake me,
 I find that I am falling, the Northern winds do
 shake me ;
 Would I had been upright, for bowing now
 will break me.
 Alas poor Scholler, &c.
 At great preferment I aimed
 To be a mil
 witness my silk,
 But now my hopes are maimed ;
 I lookt lately
 To live most stately
 On a Dairy of Bell-ropes-milk.
 But now alas ! my self I must not flatter ;
 Bigamy of steeples is grown a hanging matter,
 Each man must have but one, and Curates will
 grow fatter.
 Alas, &c.
 Into some Country Village
 Thither will I go,
 Where neither tithe, nor tillage
 The greedy Patron,

And

And patchid Matron, H,

Swear to the Church they owe.

These if I can preach and pray too on a sudden
And confute the Pope at adventures without

Then ten pound a year, besides a Sunday pud-
Alas, &c. (dime; (dime;
All the arts I have skill in

Divine and humane Are not worth a shilling

V When the women hear me,

They do but jeere me,

And say I am profane.

Once I remember I preached with a weaver,

Ignored Austin, he quoted Dad and Cleaver,
nothing got, he got a cloake and beaver.

Alas, &c.

Ships, ships, ships, I discover

Crossing the maine,

Shall I in, and over,

Turn Jew, or Atheist,

Turk or Papist,

To Geneva or Amsterdam?

Bishopricks are voiding, Scotland shall I hither?

I follow Windham, or Finch to see if either

No want a Priest to stately them? O no! as

(blustering weather.)

Alas, &c.

Q

Ho

Ho, Ho, Ho, I have hit it,
 Peace goodman fool
 Thou hast a trade will fit it ;
 Draw thy Indenture,
 Be bound at adventure
 An apprentice to a free-school. (Charter;
 There thou mayst command by *William Lilly*;
 There thou mayst whip, strip, hang and draw,
 And quarter; (and quarter;
 And commit to the red nod; both *Tom*, and *Will*,
 (and *Arthur*.
Hi, hi, hi, thither, thither will I go.



*The Townsmen's Petition to the King that
 Cambridge might be made a City.*

Now scholers look unto it,
 For you will all be undone,
 For the last week you know it
 The townsmen rid to *London*,
 The mayor if that he thrives,
 Has promis'd on his word,
 The King a paire of knives.
 If he'll grant him a sword,
 That he may put the Beadles down,
 And walk in worship here
 And kill all Schollers in the town,
 That thus do domineere.

And

Without end Drothay.

And then unto the Court
They do themselves repaire,
To make the King some spore,
And all his Nobles there.
He down upon his knee,
Both he and they together,
A sword he cryes (good King give me)
That I may cut a feather.
There's none at all I have at home
VVill fit my hand I swear ;
But one of yours will best become
A sword to domineere.
These schollers keep such reaks,
As makes us all afraid ;
For if to them a townsmen speake
They will pull off his beard,
But if your Grace such licence gives,
Then let us all be dead ;
If each of us had not as live
He should pull off his head.
They call us silly Dunkirks too,
VVe know not why nor where ;
All this they do, and more then this,
Cause they will domineere.

A speech, if I do make,
That has much learning in't ;
A scholler comes and rakes't
And sets it out in print.

Wit and Bawdry.

We dare not touch them for our lives ;

(Good King have pity on us)

For first they play open ourwines,

And then make Songs upon us.

Would we had power to put

And turn on them the geor

Then we'd do the best we could

But we would domineere

They stand much on their wit,

We know not what it is

But surely had we liked it,

We had got some e're this.

But since it will no better be

We are constrain'd to frame

Petitions to your Majestyn

These witty ones to tame.

A sword would scare them all (I say)

And put them in great feare,

A sword therefore (good King) we pray,

That we may domineere.

Which if your Grace permis,

Whee'l make them look about 'um;

But yet they are such pleasant wits

Whe cannot live without 'um.

They have such pretty arguments

To run upon our score;

They say fair words, and good intents

Are worth twice as much more :

And

And that a Clown is highly grac'd
 To sit a scholler near ;
 And thus we are like fools our-fac'd,
 And they do domineere.

Now if you will renew,
 To us your Graces Charter ;
 Wee'l give a ribbond blew
 To some Knight of the Garter :
 A cap also we want,
 And maintenance much more ;
 And yet these schollers brag and vaunt,
 As if they had good store.
 But not a penny we can see,
 Save once in twice seven year ;
 They say it is no policy
 Dunkerks should domineere.

Now reason, reason cryes alas !
 Good Lordlings mark it well ;
 A scholler told me that it was
 A perfect parallel.
 Their case and ours so equal stands,
 As in a way-scale true ;
 A pound of Candles in each hand
 Will neither higher shew.
 Then prethee listen to my speech,
 As thou shalt after hear :
 And then I doubt it not (my Liege)
 But we shall domineere.

Vice-chancellours they have,

And we have mayors wise ; (grave
With Proctours, and with taskers
Our Bailiffes we may feize.

Their silver staves keep much adoe,

Much more our Silver Maces ;
And so methinks our Sergeants too

Their Beadle-squires out-faces.

And if we had a sword I think,

Along the street to bear ;
T'would make the proudest of 'em shrink

And we should domineere.

They have Patrons of Nobility,

And we have our partakers :

They 'ave Doctors of Divinity,

And we our basket-makers :

Their heads are our brethren dear,

Their Fellowes our householders ;

Shall match them, and we think to bear

Them down by head and shoulders.

A sword therefore good King, we pray

That we may keep them there ;

Since every dog must have his day,

Let us once domineere.

When they had made the King to laugh

And see one kiss his hand,

Then little mirth they make, as if

His mind they understand.

Avoid

Avoid the room an Usher cryes,
The King would private sup ;
And so they all came down like fools

As they before went up.
They cry'd God blesse his Ma jesty,
And then no doubt (they swa're)
They'le have the tow'rnade a City,
And there to domineere.

But wot you what the King did think,

And what his meaning was ;
I vow unto you by this drink

A rare device he has.
His Majesty has pen'd it,
That they'l be ne're the better ;
And so he meanes to send it
All in a Latin letter ;
Which when it comes for to be read,
It plainly will appear ;
The townsmen they must hang the head,
And the schollers must domineere.

The draining of the Fennes.

THe up-land people are full of thoughts,
And do despair of after-rain ;

Now the sun is rob'd of his mornings draughts
 They're afraid they shall never have shower
 Then apace, apace drink, drink deep, drink
 Whilst 'tis to be had lets the liquor ply ; (deep,
 The drainers are up, and a coile they keep,
 And threaten to drain the Kingdom dry.

Our smaller rivers are now dry land,
 The Eels are turn'd to serpents there ;
 And if old father *Thames* play not the man
 Then farewell to all good English Beer.
 Then apace, apace drink, &c.

The Dutchman hath a thirsty soul,
 Our Cellars are subject to his call :
 Let every man then lay hold on his boul
 'Tis pity the German-Sea should have all
 Then apace, apace drink, &c.

Our new Philosophers rob us of fire, (beshz ;
 And by reason do strive do maintaine that
 And now that the water begins to retire
 We shall shortly have never an Element left,
 Then apace, apace drink, &c.

Why should we stay here then and perish
 To th' new world in the moon away let us
 (goe ; For

For if the Dutch colony get thither first,
 'Tis a thousand to one but they'll drain that too.

Then apace, apace drink, &c,

Non-sense.

pease!

OH that my lungs could bleat like butter'd
 But bleating of my lungs hath caught the
 And are as mangy as the Irish-seas, (itch,
 That doth ingender wind-mills on a bitch.

I grant that Rain-bows being lull'd asleep,
 Snort like a woodknife in a Ladies eyes ;
 Which makes her grieve to see a pudding creep,
 For creeping puddings onely please the wise.

Not that a hard-ro'e'd Herring should presume
 To swing a tithe-pig in a Cat-skin purse ;
 For fear the hailstones which did fall at Rome,
 By lessening of the fault should make it worse.

For 'tis most certain winter wool-sacks grow
 From geese to swans, if men could keep them so,
 Till that the sheep-shorn Planets gave the hint
 To pickle Pancakes in Geneva print.

Some

Some men there were that did suppose the skye
Was made of carbonado'd antidotes :
But my opinion is, a whales left eye
Need not be coyned all King-Harry-groats :

The reason's plain, for *Charons* western barge
Running a-tilt at the Subjunctive mood,
Beckned to *Bednal-green*, and gave him charge
To fatten Pad-locks with *Antartick* food.

The end will be the mill-pools must be laded,
To fish for whitepots in a countrey dance ;
So they that suffer'd wrong and were upbraided,
Shall be made friends in a left-handed trance.



In praise of Ale.

VHENas the Chilly Rock once blows,
And winter tells a heavy tale,
When Pyes, and Daws, and Rooks, and Crows
Sit curling of the frosts and snows ;
Then give me ale.

Ale in Saxon *Ramken* then,
Such as will make grim *Malkin* prate,
Rouseth up valour in all men,
Quickeneth the poets wit and pen,
Despiseth fate.

Ale

LIMI

Ale that the absent battle fights,
And frames the march of Swedish drums,
Disputes the Princes laws and rights,
And what is past and what's to come,
Tells mortal wights.

Ale that the plow-mans heart up-keeps,

And equals it with Tyrants thrones;

That wipes the eye that over-weeps,

And lulls in soft and secure sleeps

The weary'd bones.

Grandchild of Ceres, Barley's daughter,

Wine's emulous neighbour, if but stale;

Enobling all the Nymphs of water,

And filling each mans heart with laughter.

Ha, ha, give me ale.



A Riddle of a Goosberry.

There is a bush fit for the nonce,
That beareth pricks and precious stones,
The fruit of which most Ladies pull;
Tis round, and smooth, and plump, and full,
It yields rare moisture, pure and thick,
And seldom makes a Lady sick;
They put it in, and then they move it,
Which makes it melt, and then they love it;
So what was round, and plump, and hard,
Grows lanck, and thin, and poor, and mar'd;

The

The sweetnes suckt, their holes wipe they
And throw the empty skin away.



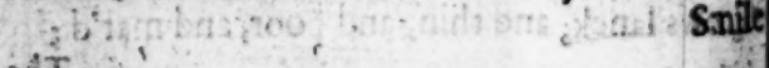
A Bull Prologue.

YOU that do horing stand to see our Play
Which mult this night be acted, here to day,
Be silent pray, though you aloud do talk
Stir not a foot, though up and down you walk,
For every silent noise the Players see
Will make them mute, and speake full angerly;
But go not yet, untill you do depart
And unto us your smiling frownes impart;
And we most thankles thankful will appear,
And waite upon you home; but yet stay here.



Another Prologue.

BE blithe Fobdodles! for my authot knows
How to delight your eyes, your ears, your
But first of all your eyes shall pleased be (nose,
With cloth of Gold, Tyssue and Taffare:
Blow but your nose, and purifie that sense,
For you shall smell perfumes and frankincense
And eke soft musick: therefore sit you still,



Smile like the Lilly flower, whilst trumpers sound,
And our endeavours with your love be crown'd.

An Epilogue upon the honest Lawyer.

Gentlemen,

H E that I wrote this Play ne'er made Play
(before
and if this like not, ne're will write Play more.)
And so he bid me tell you.

Loves Progresse.

V However loves, if he do not propose
The right true end of love, he's one that
do sea, for nothing but to make him sick. (goes
and love's a bear whelp born, if overlick
our love; and cause it new strange forms to take
here; and of a lump a monster make.
There nor a Calf a monst'r, that was grown
I'd like a man, though better then his own.
Affection is in Unity, so prefer
the woman first; and then one thing in her,
Where I value Gold, may think upon
the purity, the application
The

The wholesomeness, the ingenuity ;
From rust, from soil, from life for ever free ;
But if I love it, 'tis because its made
By (our new nature) use, the soul of trade :
All this in women we might think upon,
If women had men, and yet love but one.
Can men more injure women than to say,
They love for that, by which they are not they
Makes virtue woman ? must I cool my blood
Till I both find and see one wise and good ?
May barren angels love so : but if we
Make love to woman, virtue is not she ;
As beauty is not, nor wealth ; he that strayes thus
From her to hers is more adulterous,
Than he that took her maid. Search every sphere
And firmament, our Cupid is not there :
He's an infernal god, and under ground
With *Pluto* dwells, where gold and fire abound
Men to such gods their sacrificing coals,
Laid not on altars, but in pits and holes.
Although we see celestial bodies move
Above the earth, the earth we till and love :
So we her heirs contemplate, words and heart,
And vertues, but we love the centrique part.
Nor is the soul more worthy or more fit
For love than that, as infinite as it.
But in attaining this desired place,
How much they erre that set out at the face ?
The hair a forrest is of ambushes,
Of springs, snares, fitters and manicles :

The brow becalms us, when 'tis smooth & plain,
And when 'tis wrinkled, shipwrecks us again.
Smooth, 'tis a Paradise, where we would have
Immortal stay : and wrinkled, 'tis our grave.
The nose like to the first meridian runs,
Not twixt an East and West, but twixt two suns :
It leaves a cheek a rosie hemisphere
On either side, and then directs us where
Upon the Islands fortunate we fall,
Not faint *Cornices*, but ambrosial,
Her swelling tips to which when we are come,
We anchor there, and think our selves at home :
For they sing all their *Syren* songs, and there
Wise Delphick Oracles do fill the ear :
There in a creek, where chosen pearls do swell
The *venoma*, her cleaving tongue doth dwell
Those, and the promiscuary fairy her *Chim*
O're past ; and the straight Hellespont between
The *Sestos* and *Abydos* of her biets,
(Not of two lovers, but two loves the nests)
Succeeds a boundless sea, but that thine eye and
Some Island mopes may scattered there discry
And sailing towards her *India* in that way,
Shall at her fair *Atlanick* Navel stay :
Though thence the torrent be thy Pilot made,
Yet ere thou come where thou wouldest be im-
Thou shalt upon another Forrest set : (bay'd,
Where many shipwreck, and no farther get.
When thou art there, consider well this chace
Mispent, by the beginning at the face.

R_{eff}-

Rather set on't below ; practise thy art,
Some symetrye the foot hath with that part
Which thou doft seek, and is as map for that ;
Lovely enough to stoop, but not stay at :
Leafe subject to disguise and change it is ,
Men say the Devil nevēt can change his :
It is the embleme that hath figured
Firmenes, 'tis the first part that comes to bed.
Civility we see'refin'd ; the kiss bas' I
Which at the face begun, transplanted is .
Since to the hand, since to th' Imperial knee,
Now at the Papal foot delights to be.
If Kings think that the nearer way, and do
Kiss from the foot, lovers may do so too.
For as free Spheres move faster far than can
Birds, whom the air resists ; so may that man
Which goes the empty and aetherial wayes ;
Than if all beauties elements he stayes.
Rich Nature bath in women wisely made
Two purses, and their mouths aversly laid :
Thus they which to the lower tribute owe,
That way which the Exchequer looks, must go :
He which doth not, his error is as great,
As who by Ghister gives the stomach meat.

WV pass upon stipends, copyists, &c., in the
same proportion as the **A.**

A Song.

O Fall Occupations that now aday is used,
I would not be a butcher for he's to be re-
fused:
For whatsoever is gotten, or whatsoever is gain'd,
He shall be called kill Cow, and so he shall be
(nam'd;
Low quoth the Cow, Blea quoth the calf, he calls
(to his wife for a rope,
He makes her pull till her heart doth break,
For fear he would cut her throat.

The Tinker.

For he sits all day quaffing and turning over the
(boul,
And goes about from house, to house, to stop the
(good wifes hole;
Sing quoth the metal, sound quoth the kettle,
He calls to his wife for a hammer,
He goes about from town to town
Not like a Rogue in manner.

A Taylor.

(bones,

For he sits all day pricking and wearing of his
 He thrusts his needle through the seames
 And kills nine lice at once ;
 Snap quoth the sheares, bounce quoth the board,
 He calls to his wife for an iron,
 He burns himself all in the hand
 As if he had been a Felon.

A Shoemaker:

(his thred,

For he sits all day whisking and drawing forth of
 His foot is alway in the stirrop, yet seldom doth

(he ride ;

Whiffe quoth the whetstone, rap quoth the dresser
 He calls to his wife for thred :
 He plucks the bristles from off the hogs back,
 And all for very pure need.

A Black-smith.

(and tame,

For he shooes many horses, that are both wilde
 And often times doth catch a knock, and so the

(smith goes lame ;

Knor quoth the horse, gip quoth the smith, he

(calls to his wife to blow,

He flings the fire about the house, 'twill scar the

(Devil I crow,

A Cooper.

(barrel,
For he sits all day hooping and bending of a
So let the knave have drink enough, he cares for
gill bees &
no apparell;
Squirt quoth the can, drunk was the man
He calls to his wife for his addis
To stop a hole in her boulding tub, for he looks
(like on that mad is.

A Baker.

(knee,
For he sits all day a bunting and bending of his
And if his bread be too little weight, the Pillory
(is his fee,
Way goes the Baker, up goeth the ladder
Up goes his head to the hole,
And all because his bread wants weight,
According to the rule.

A Weaver.

(complain,
for he earnes his money hardly & many of them
The Clothier takes away the thrumes, which was
(the weavers gain ;
Whur quoth the trickle, quish quoth the shuttle
(he calls to his wife for quilts
They knit many a knot, in a thredbare coat full
(sore against their wills.

A Lawyer.

(a pretty thing,
For heel tell you many prattle prattle, and many
And when he hath your money got, you may go
(pipe and sing;
Squirt quoth the ink, blur quoth the pen, he calls
(to his wife for paper,
There is no man in all the land, that will so cog
(and flatter.

A Semster.

mind,
And of all occupations that ever came in my
I would not be a Semster although she be so
(fine;
For she sits all day sowing, and hanging down of
(her head,
And oftentimes she steals a kiss, whilst better she
(would be sped:
Snip quoth the Scissers, rent quoth the cloth, and
(still she hath an eye to the door,
Her husband he may sing Cuckoo, for she will
(play the who-there?

A Saylor.

And of all occupations that ever yet was named,
Saylors they be Gentleman, for so they most be
(termed;

For

UMI

For they sail far and near their Countrey to ad-
 (soon enough) vance, They sail against the foaming seas in danger of
 (misfortune) mischance : Hard blows the gales, down goes the sails, 'tis too
 late to call to his wife ; They shut themselves upon the rocks in danger
 (of their life.)

Beggar. And of all occupations Begging is the best,
 Whensoever he is weary he may lay him down
 (to rest ; For howsoe'er the world goes they never take
 (any care ; And whatsoever they beg or get they spend it in
 (good fare.)

Up goes the staff, down goes the wallet,
 To the alehouse they go with speed ; They spend many a pot, they care not for the
 This is the best occupation indeed. (shot,

This hath his doxy, another is almost foxy,
 They have still a petey to their need,
 They drink many a pot, they care not for the
 This is the best trade indeed. (shot :

With a hey down derry, they'll be full merrv,
 Though the marshal stand at the dore ;

VVhen their money is done, they'll have more
Or drink upon the score. (before noon,

~~25 to grub fur and get noot sile fining a lill yest~~
Ver. Wha liveth so merrily in all this land,
As doth the poor widow that sells her sand? ~~26ish~~
Cho. And ever she singeth as I can gues,
Will you buy any sand, any sand, mistress? ~~27~~

~~28 to 30~~
Ver. The Brooman maketh his living most sweer,
With carrying of brooms from street to street.

Cho. Who would desire a pleasanter thing,
Than all the day long to do nothing but sing?

~~31 to 33~~
Ver. The Chimney-sweeper all the long day,
He singeth and sweepeth the soot away. (weary,
Cho. Yet when he comes home although he be
With his pretty sweet wife he maketh full merry.

Ver. The Cobler he sits cobbling till noon, ~~34 to 36~~
And cobleth his shoes till they be done ~~37 to 39~~

Cho. Yet doth he not fear, and so doth say,
His work will not last many a day. ~~40 to 42~~

Ver. The merchant man he doth sail on the seas,
And lies on the ship-board with little ease? ~~43 to 45~~

Cho. For alwayes he doubteth the rocks are near,
how can he be merry and make good cheer?

Ver. The husband man all day goeth to plow,
And when he comes home he serveth his sow: ~~46 to 48~~
Cho.

Cho. He moileth and toileth all the long year,
How can he be merry and make good chear?
Ver. street,

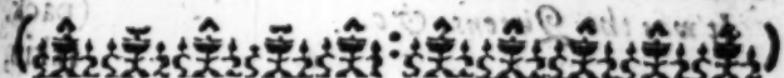
Ver. The Serving-man waiteth from street to
With blowing to his nails and beating his feet:

Cho. And serveth for forty shillings a year,
Tis impossible, tis impossible to make good chear.

Ver. Who liveth so merry and maketh such sport
As those that be of the poorer sort?

Cho. The poorest sort wherefoeuer they be,
They gather together by one, two and three.

Bis. And every man will spend his peny,
What makes such a shot amongst a great many?



Another.

With an old mothy coat & a mamsey nose
With an old thred-bare Jerkin rub'd out
(at elbowes,
With an old dagger to scar away the crowes,
With an old long sword all to be hackett with
Cho. It was an old soldier of the Queens, (blowes:
On the Queens old soldier.

With an old Gun and his Bandileers,
With an old head-piece to keep warm his ears;

With an old pair of boots drawn on without hole
Scuff full of old linnen rags, and broken out at
It was, &c. (toes.)

VVith an old passport that never was read,
VVwhich in his great old travels had stood him in
VVith an old Quean to lie by his side (good stead
VWhich in her time had been oldly Frenchified.

It was the Queens, &c.

VVith an old shirt that is grown to wrack, (Jack;
That with long-wearing it serves stinking old
VVith an old grown lowse, with a black-list on
(his back,

That was able to carry an old pedler and his
It was the Queens, &c. (pack.)

VVith an old snap-sack made of a good calves
VVith an old Leathern skrip, tyed fast with an

(old cloak-bag string;

VVith an old Cap with a hole i'th' Crown,
One side pind up, and the other hanging down.

It was, &c. (before,

VVith an old greasie buffe Jerkin pointed down
That his old great grandfather, at the siege at Bul-
(lin had wore;

VVith an old pair of breeches with a patch upon
(each knee;

VVith two over-worn old pockets that will hold
It was the Queens, &c. (no money.)

With

VVith an old horse late come from St. Albans.
 VVith I know not how many diseases molt grie.
 VVith an old pair of rusty Iron spurs (vous ones,
 VVith an old beat-begger in his hand to keep off

It was &c.

(the Curs.

(foes,

This souldier would ride post to Bohemia to his.
 And swore by his valour he'se he came again,
 (would get better cloathes;

Or else he would lose both fingers, hands, and
 (foes

But when he takes this journey, there's no man
It was, &c. (living knows.

¶¶¶¶¶

Another.

IN Lancashire where I was boild

And many a Cuckold bred :

I had not been marryed a quarter of a year,
 But the hornes grew out of my head.

With hey the Fa hent, withhey the roabent,

Sir Percy is under the Line ;

God save the good Earl of Shrewsbury,

For he is a good friend of mine.

Doncaster Mayor he sits in a chair,

His mills they merrily go,

His nose doth shine with drinking of wine,

The Gout is in his great toe.

He

He that will fish for a Lancashire lassie
 At any time or tyde,
 Must bait his hook with a good egge pie ;
 And an apple with a red-side.

Hath gallops his horse on Bletstone edge,
 By chance may catch a fall,
 My Lord Mount Eagles Bears be dead,
 His Jack-an-Apes and all.

At Scription in Craven there's never a haven,
 Nor many a tyme foul weather ;
 He that will not lie a fair woman by,
 I wish he were hang'd in leather.

My Lady hath lost her left leg hose
 So hath She done bothe her shooone ;
 Shee'll earn her break-fast before she do rise,
 Shee'll lie in bed else till it be noon.

Joan Moulme croffe it makes no force,
 Though many a Cuckold go by ;
 Let many a man do all that he can,
 Yet a Cuckold he shall die.

The good wife of the Swan hath a leg like a man,
 Full well it becomes her hose ;
 She jets it apace with a very good grace,
 But falleth back at the first close.

The Prior of Courtree made a great pudding-pie,
His Monkes cryed meat for a King ;
The Abbot of Chester do die before Easter
Then Braberry Bells must Ring,

He that will a welch-man catch,
Must watch when the wind is in the South ;
And put in a net a good piece of roast-cheese,
And hang it close to his mouth.

And Lancashire if thou be true,
As ever thou hast been ;
Go sell thy old whittel and by thee a new fiddle,
And sing God save the Queen.

Towl, towl gentle Bell for a soul, (oppress'd ;
Killing care doth controul, and my mind so
That I fear I shall die, for a glance of that eye
That so lately did fly like a Comet from the skie
Of some great Deity. (ad. unib. zib. l. sy.)
But my wish is in vain, I shall ne're meet again ;
When I an the Temple did spie
This Divine Purity, on her knees to her Saint.

Oh

Oh she lookt so divine, all her beauties did shine
 Far more fairer then her shrine, faith I wish she
 Where my heart could resign : (had been mine
 And would powerfully prove, no Religion like

(love.
 Fair, fair, and as chaste as the aire (divine,
 Holy Nuns breathing prayer was this Vorrels
 From each eye dropt a tear, like the Pearles Vio-

lets were,
 When the spring doth appear for to usher in the
 But I dare safely swear, (year:
 Those teares trickle down for no sins of her own.
 But now increaseth my woe, (doth dwell,
 I by no means must know where this beauty
 All her rites being done to her Lady and her

(son;
 I was left all alone, and my Saint was from me
 And to heaven she is flown : (gone
 Which makes me to say, I shall scarce live a day.

Now I will make haste and die, (thron'd.
 And ascend to the skie where I know shhee's in
 All ye Ladies adieu, be your loves false or true;
 I am going to view, one that far transcends all
 One that I never knew : (you,
 But must sigh out my breath, for acquaintance in
 death.

The Answer to Tom.

Ring, Ring, merry Bells while we sing
 Drinking healths to our King ;
 And our minds are advanc't. (each eye,
 Lets never fear to die, till we have drunk out
 But let cash and cares fly free as hail-stones from
Bacchus great Deity : (the skie ;
 Let us never wish in vain, fill the pots *George* a-
 (gain.

When we in the Tavern do see,
 Such fare boon Company ;
 On their knees drinking healths, T
 O we look most divine, when our noses did shine :
 Well ballast wish good wine, faith I wish the cup
 VVhich to thee I'le resign, (were mine
 And will palpable prove by the drinking to thy
 (Love.)
 Free, free, as the air let us be,
 VVee'l respect no degree ;
 But our births all a like. (pear,
 From no eye drop a tear, least you *Maudlin* ap-
 And next morning do fear to be Physick't with
 VVhich I dare boldly swear, (small Beer
 If tears trickle down, 'tis our loves to the Crown.

**Now we must make haste and see,
How much money will free
All our hands from the bar.**

For a time boyes adien, I am going for to view
VVhat belongs to all you, be the reckoning faire
Though it be more then dew, (or true,
Yet my breath will I spend, and my purse for my
friend.

The jolly Shepherd.

The life of a Shepherd is void of all care-a,
With his bag and his bottle he maketh good
He ruffles, he thuffles in all extreme wind-a,
His flocks somerimes before him, and sometimes
He hath the green meadows to walk at his will-a,
With a pair of fine bag-pipes upon the green hill-a;
Trang-dille, trang-dille, trang down a down dille,
With a pair of fine bag-pipes upon a green hill-a.

His sheep round about him do feed on the dale-a,
His bag full of cake-bread, his bottle of ale-a,
A cantle of cheese that is good and old-a,
Because that he walketh all day in the cold-a,

With his cloak and his sheep-hook thus match-
 (eth he still-a,
With a pair of fine bag-pipes upon a green hill-a.

Trangdille, &c.

If cold doth oppress him to cabin goeth he-a,
 If heat doth molest him then under green tree-a,
 If his sheep chance to range over the plain-a,
 His little dog Lightfoot doth fetch them again-a,
With a pair of fine bag-pipes upon the green hill-a.

Trangdille, &c.

He list not to idle all day like a moan-a,
 In spending his time though sitting alone-a,
 Lingle, needle & thimble he bath still in store-a,
 To mend shoes and apparel he keeps them there-
 (fore-a,

Thus whistling and piping he danceth bis fill-a,
With a pair of fine bag-pipes upon the green hill-a,

Trangdille, &c.

If Phillida chance come tripping aside-a,
 A most friendly welcom he doth her betide-a,
 He straightwayes presents her a poor shepherds
 His bottle of good ale, his cake and his cheese-a,
 He pipeth, she danceth all at their own will-a,
With a pair of fine bag-pipes upon the green hill-a.

Trangdille, &c.

But now wanton shepherd howsoever your mes-
(ning,

My harvest's not ripe, therefore leave your glea-
(ning,

For if in my garden a Rose you would pull-a,
Perhaps it may cost you all your sheeps wool-a,
Thus do they both frolick & sport at their will-a,
With a pair of fine bag-pipes upon the green hill-a;
Trangdille, trangdille, trang down a down dilla,
With a pair of fine bag-pipes upon the green hill-a.



In praise of Canary.

Let us purge our brains from these hops and
They do smell of Anarchy ; (grains,
Let us chuse a King, from whose loins may spring
A sparkling of Monarchy.

It ill befits, true wine breeds wits,

VVhose bloud runs high and cheer,

To bind their hands in Dray-mens bands,

VVhen as they may go freer.

VVhy should we droop or basely stoop,

To popular ale or beer ?

VVho shall be our King, that is now the thing

For which we all are met ?

Claret is a Prince, that hath been long since

In the Royal order set.

His face is spread with warlike red,
 And so he loves to see men ;
 Where he bears sway, his subjects they
 Shall be as good as free-men.
 But here's the plot almost forgot,
 He is too much burnt by women.

By the River Rhine, is a valiant wine,
 That can all our veins replenish ;
 Let us then consent to the Government,
 And the Royal rule of the Rhenish.
 This German-wine will warm the chine, }
 And brisk in every vein ; }
 Twill make the Bride forget to chide, }
 And call him to't again.
 But that's not all, he is too small,
 To be a Sovereign.

Let us never think of a nobler drink,
 But with voices voted high ;
 Let all proclaim good Canaries name,
 Heaven's bleffe his Majesty.
 He is a King in every thing,
 Whose nature doth renown all :
 He makes us skip and nimbly leap,
 From the sealing to the gronself,
 Especially when Poets be
 Lords of the Privy-Council.

But a Vintner he shall his taster fee,
 And there is none shall him let ;
 And a drawer that hath a good pallat,
 Shall be made squire of the gimlet.
 The bar-boys shall be pages all,
 A Tavern well prepar'd :
 In Joval sort shall be his Court,
 VVhere nothing shall be spar'd.
 VVine-Porters shall with shoulders tall,
 Be yeomen of the Guard.

If a Cooper we with a red nose see,
 But in any part of the Town ;
 That Cooper shall with his ads Rial,
 Be keeper of the Crown.
 Young wits that wash away their cash,
 In Wine and Recreation :
 How hates dull beer, are welcome here,
 To give their approbation.
 So shall all you that will allow,
 Canaries Coronation.



*A health to King Charles when loyalty
 was a crime.*

Since it must be so, then so let it go
 Let the giddy-brain'd times turn round ;

Since

Since we have no King let the goblets be
 Our Monarchy thus wee'l recover, (crown'd :
 While the pottles are weeping wee' drench our
 In big-bellyed bowles ; (pointe no sieg'd lid souls,
 And our sorrows in Sack shall lie sleeping.
 And wee'l drink till our eyes do run over,
 And prove it by reason
 That it can be no treason,
 To laugh and to sing (King.
 A mournifull of healths to our new crown'd
 Let us all stand bare, in the presence we are,
 Let our noses like bon-fites shine ;
 Instead of the Conduit let the pottle run wine,
 To perfect this new Coronation.
 For we that are loyal (part of a page now III VV
 In Sack will appear,
 And that face that doth wear (part of a page now III VV
 Pure Claret, looks like the bloud-Royal (part of a page now III VV
 And out-states all the bores of the Nation.
 In sign of obedience, (part of a page now III VV
 Our Oath of allegiance, (part of a page now III VV
 Beer glasses shall be ; (part of a page now III VV
 And he that tipples tends to the Nobility. (part of a page now III VV
 But if in this raigni, the halberdly train, (part of a page now III VV
 And the Constable chance to rebel ; (part of a page now III VV
 And should with his twibel maliciously swell, (part of a page now III VV
 And against the Kings party raise Arms ; (part of a page now III VV
 Then the drawers like yeomen (part of a page now III VV
 Of the guard, with quart pots, (part of a page now III VV
 Half fuddle the Scots : (part of a page now III VV

VWhile we make them Cuckold's and freemen,
And on their wives beat an alarm.
And as the health passes,
VVee tipple our glasses ;
And hold it no sin
To be loyal, and to drink in defence of our King.



*Upon Olivers dissolving the Parliament
in 1653.*

1. (of before,
Vill you hear a strange thing scarce heard
A ballad of news without any lies,
The Parl. men are all turn'd out of doors,
And so are the Council of State likewise,

2.
Brave Oliver came to the house like a spright,
His fiery looks strook the Speaker dumb,
You must be gone hence, quoth he, by this light,
Do you mean to sit here til Dooms-day come?

3.
With that the Speaker lookt pale for fear, (rid,
As though he had been with the night-mare
In somuch as some did think that were there,
That he had even done as the Alderman did.

4.

But *Oliver* though he be Doctor of Law,
Yet he seem'd to play the Physician there ;
His physick so wrought on the Speakers maw,
That he gave him a stool instead of a Chair.

5.

Harry Martyn wondred to see such a thing,
Done by a Saint of such high degree ;
Twas an act he did not expect from a King,
Much lesse from such a dry bone as he.

6.

But *Oliver* laid his hand on his sword,
And upbraided him with his Adultery ;
To which *Harry* answer'd never a word,
Saving, humbly thanking his Majesty.

7.

Allen the Coppersmith was in great fear,
He did us much harm since the wars began ;
A broken Citizen many a year,
And now he is a broken Parliament-man.

8.

Bradshaw that President proud as the Pope,
That loves upon Kings and Princes to trample ;
Now the house is dissolv'd I cannot but hope,
To see such a President made an example.

9.

And were I one of the Counsel of war,
 I'le tell you what my vote should be,
 Upon his own Turret at Westminster,
 To be hanged up for all comers to see,

10.

My masters I wonder you could not agree,
 You that have been so long brethren in evil ;
 A dissolution you might think there would be ;
 When the Devil's divided against the Devil.

11.

Then room for the Speaker without his Mace,
 And room for the rest of the Rabble-rout ;
 My masters methinks 'tis a pittifull case,
 Like the snuff of a Candle thus to go out.

12.

Now some like this change, and some like it not,
 Some think it was not done in due season ;
 Some think it was but a Jesuits plot, (Treason.
 To blow up the house like a gun-powder-

13.

Some think that Oliver and Charles are agree'd,
 And sure it were good policy if it were so ;

Left

Lest the Hollander, French, the Dane, and the
(Swede.)

Should bring him in whether he would or no.

14.

And now I would gladly conclude my song,
With a prayer as Ballads are used to do ;
But yet I'le forbear, for I think er't be long,
We shall have a King and a Parliament too.

F I N I S.

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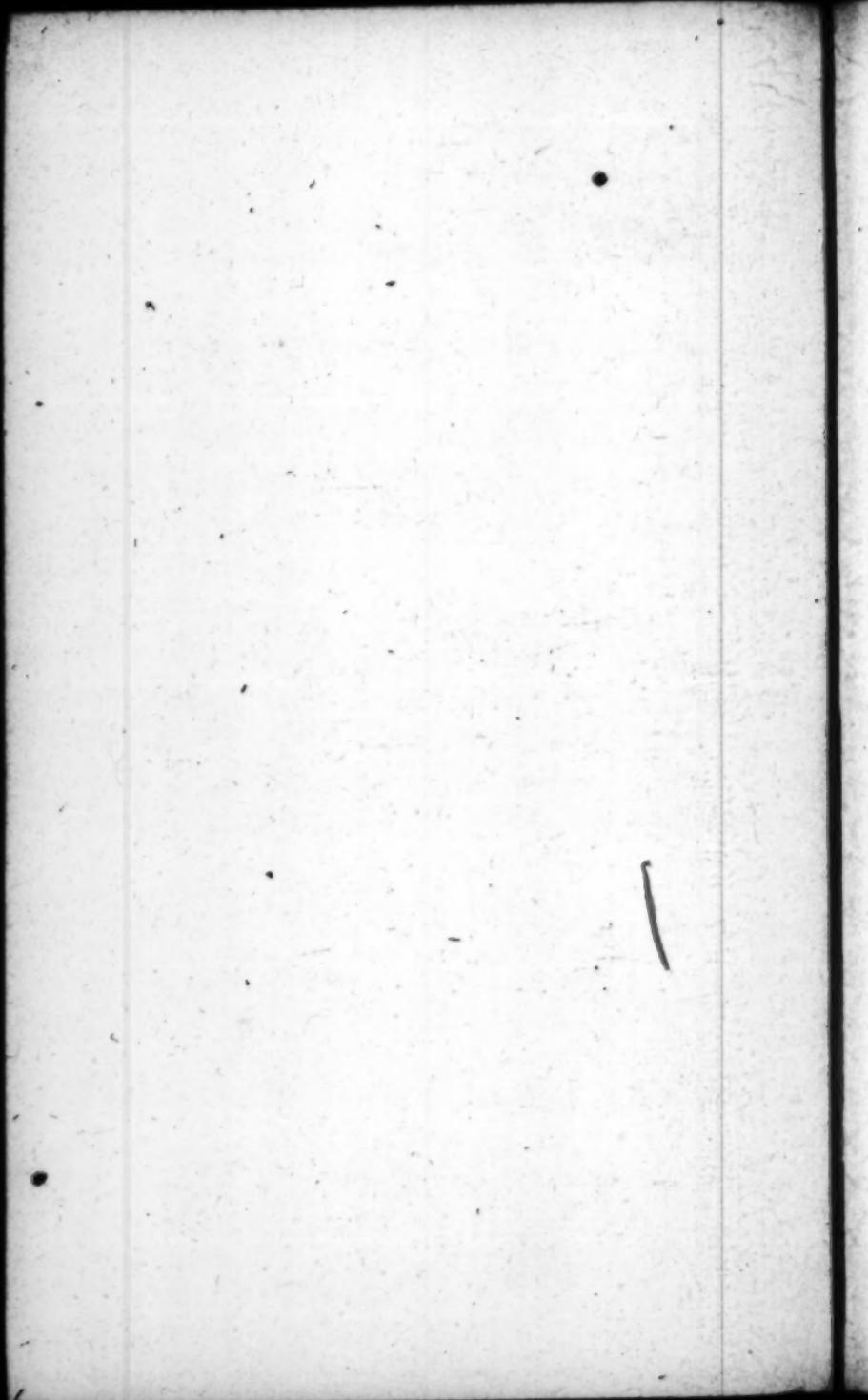
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